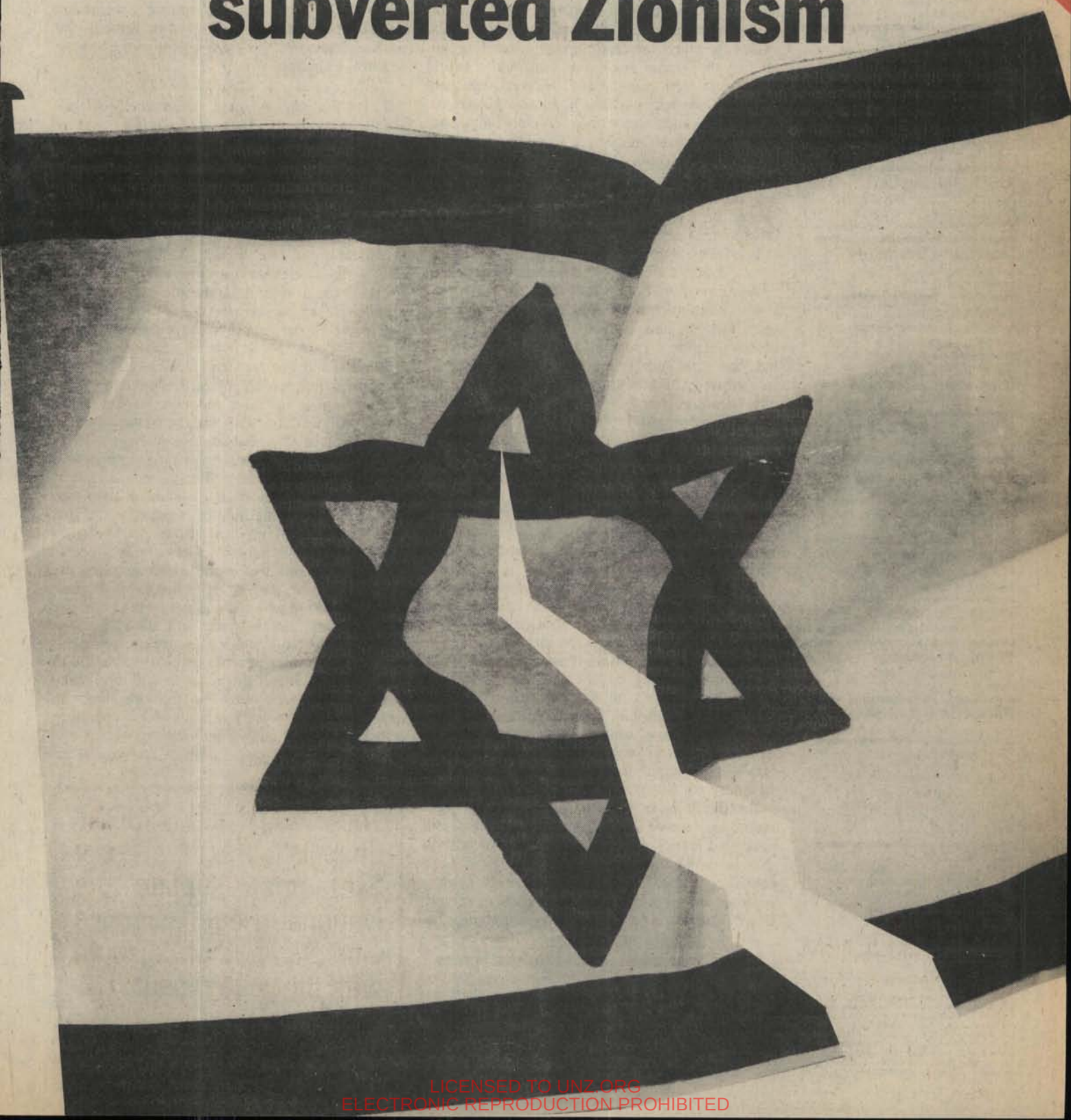
NOV 10 1982
AMBASSADOR
COLLEGE LIBRARY

NEW STATESMAN

24 September 1982 60p IR91p US$1.50 By Air

Autumn Books
Roy Hattersley's credo
Secret government bunkers

How Lebanon subverted Zionism



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN Vol 104 No 2688 24 September 1982

Editor: **Hugh Stephenson**
Political Editor: **Peter Kellner**
London Editorial Staff: **Sarah Benton, Duncan Campbell, Francis Wheen, Patrick Wintour**
Irish Editor: **Mary Holland**
Education: **Rick Rogers**
Literary & Arts Editor: **Gillian Wilce**
Poetry Editor: **Derek Mahon**
Art Editor: **Vicky Hutchings**
Production Manager: **Joanne Hurst**
Assistant Art Editor: **Julian Rothenstein**
Managing Director: **Johnny Johnson**
General Manager: **Peter Jones**
Advertisement Manager: **Michael Roberts**
Classified Manager: **Stephen Mitchell**
Circulation Sales Manager: **Tim Freeman**
Northern Circulation Sales Manager: **Liz Cooper**
Accountant: **Ted Peacock**

Subversion of Zionism
Amnon Kapeliuk and our special correspondent from Beirut report on Israel's involvement in the Beirut massacre and the consequences for Begin at home Page 13-14

News Page 3

Mr Foot's mouth
Peter Kellner urges the Labour leader to pull his finger out Page 5

Maggie's bunker
Duncan Campbell reveals where the government secretly plans to hide out in the event of nuclear war Page 6

Common claims
After the hospital cleaners, Patrick Wintour reports on what the civil servants might claim Page 8

The unfeeling Left
Jeremy Seabrook and Trevor Blackwell make a plea for the Left to take up a proper patriotism Page 10

Doers and Dreamers
Roy Hattersley reclaims the tradition of Crosland's socialism Pages 12

Green giant
Tony Catterall looks at W. Germany's new third party Page 15

Next Hong Kong?
Philip Geddes warns of Mrs T's delusions Page 15

Voting for Pol Pot
William Shawcross Page 16

Diary
Paul Foot Page 17

Roger Woddis p.17; Letters p.18; Bretécher p.19.

Slipping scapels
Peter Kellner reviews Anthony Sampson's *Changing Anatomy of Britain* Page 20

Dealing in dreams
Simon Frith on rock music books Page 21

Tip of the iceberg
Andrew Clements on recent books about music Page 22

Forthcoming books list Page 24

P. G. Wodehouse, p.26; Harlem, p.27; The English Gentleman, p.27; Rape of Clarissa, p.28; Shorter reviews, p.29; Fiction, p.30; Films, p.30; Television, p.31; Theatre, p.32; Weekend Competition, p.32; First Person, p.33; Free Listings, p.35

New Statesman
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ.
Tel: 01-405 8471. Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1
©1982 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors.
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd.
Unsolicited manuscripts will only be returned if an s.a.e. is enclosed.
The publishers reserve the right to refuse or withdraw advertisements at their discretion. While every effort is made to ensure that advertisements appear correctly, the publishers will not be responsible for the consequences arising from errors or delay in publication. All advertisements are accepted subject to the Periodical Publishers Association's Standard Conditions of Acceptance.

In defence of our national health

WEDNESDAY'S DAY of action put the National Health Service dispute into a wider context. The fight with the government is, of course, primarily about defending the rights of desperately low-paid workers in a sector that has been a sacrifice on the altars of Thatcherism. The extent to which the trade union movement, including those who are highly paid and those in quite unrelated occupations, showed solidarity with NHS workers gave the lie to assiduous right-wing propaganda about unionists only being concerned with their narrow self-interest.

But Wednesday's Day of Action also heightened public awareness that the issue goes far beyond pay. It is not just that the government has proved both mean-minded as an employer and incompetent as a negotiator in the NHS dispute. It is now clear that the government dislikes the whole concept of the NHS and is planning to undermine it as an institution.

Earlier this month, under conditions of much more than the usual secrecy, the Cabinet considered a document prepared by its Think Tank. It had been specifically commissioned by Sir Geoffrey Howe, who now sits in the Treasury without any economic policy, fiddling with figures and trying to please the Prime Minister. For political and social reasons (even the Chancellor no longer thinks it can have much effect on the economy) Thatcher/Howe are determined to cut income and other personal taxes for those who are better off. But with the Thatcher/Howe recession stretching from here to eternity, they know that they cannot afford it and stay anywhere near their financial targets.

Unless, that is, they are prepared to reverse four decades of British social history and progress. Faced with the constraints imposed by these quite arbitrary financial targets, originally set in the name of a monetarist economic policy that has long since been wholly discredited, a more sensible and sensitive government need have no such problem. It should not require this month's obscene unemployment figures to persuade a government to abandon the financial targets and pursue a policy designed to get the economy on the move again.

But this is not a sensible or a sensitive government. So, under instruction, the Think Tank produced for its masters a blue-print for how to dismantle the basic structure of the NHS (and other key parts of the welfare state). The centrepiece of the plan would be to switch to private health insurance for health care and charge for education, deliberately abandoning the attempt to provide in these areas to each according to need, financing the service mainly out of general taxation. In this way Thatcher/Howe would be able to achieve tax cuts and reduce government borrowing, even while the economy remains flat on the floor and the true unemployment total reaches 4 million.

AS PART of any economic policy, the proposals are the economics of the madhouse. This government has a fixation, supported by no evidence of any kind, that ceasing to provide goods and services by public provision makes people behave in a more energetic, effective or less wasteful way. The closest model for what Thatcher/Howe clearly want is the United States. Five minutes' investigation of health care, educational provision or the social services in the United States reveals that a system in these areas based on private enterprise, competition, the profit motive, private loans and private insurance is pernicious.

It is indeed the fact that a social and health system maintained on such a basis creates massive social injustice and unacceptable inequality which produced the NHS and the welfare state in the first place. It was bad enough before 1945. With the huge advances in drugs, surgery and medical techniques since then (and the equally huge increase in the costs of medical care), the division between the medical treatment the rich could afford and medical treatment the poor would get would now be many times greater.

This is the political battle which requires the whole of the labour and trade union movements to support those who work in the NHS in this pay dispute. Mrs Thatcher will not dare to move overtly against the whole concept of the health service before the next election. But her plans will be ready and, if she got a second term, they would be brought out. The Left has been in defensive disarray for too long. Here is an issue on which overwhelming public support can and must be mobilised. □

New Statesman Subscription Rates

Surface mail:
UK £26, Overseas £29

Air mail:
Europe £34, Middle East £36, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

The NUJ and SOGAT Chapels of the **New Statesman** support the National Health Service workers in their dispute with the government.

Day of Action, 22 September 1982

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brian Wilson looks at the background to this week's purge

SNP loses its Left

IT WAS always on the cards that the Scottish National Party would have a tough few years after their 11 MPs had, in the memorable phrase by Jim Callaghan, voted like turkeys for an early Christmas by supporting the downfall of his government.

Even in its heyday the SNP's basic problem was that it could win seats in rural, normally Tory, areas with much greater ease than in the working-class Labour ones which dominate Scotland. The 1979 general election gave them the worst of both worlds. Their rural seats reverted to type and returned Tories while the SNP's alliance with the Tories to bring down Callaghan put the party in worse odour in the Labour heartlands.

In the mid-70s, the SNP had come remarkably close to achieving the balancing act which normally eludes but constantly seduces third parties. They managed to appeal to a wide cross-section of Scottish society, partly through judicious variation of policies and personalities from area to area. Representatives as diverse as Margo Macdonald on the Left and Gordon Wilson on the Right could keep their policy differences in the background through concentration on common ground. With a Labour government in office, the SNP became the natural repository for those who were disillusioned with Scotland's majority party.

When the Conservatives took power, traditional nationalists like Gordon Wilson and Winifred Ewing believed that the trick could be repeated, and with even greater success. But left-wingers, who formed themselves into the 79 Group, saw such an approach as a blind alley which would always end up with their holding huge patches of the map of Scotland but with a crucial gap in the densely populated central belt. Encouraged by the left-wing support there had been for devolution they managed, in the post-election trauma, to persuade the party conference that a clear-cut socialist image must be achieved.

There followed two years of unmitigated disaster for the SNP – two by-election humiliations, heavy local government losses and a steady stream of embarrassing publicity. Under the guidance of Jim Sillars, SNP vice-chairman responsible for policy, husband of Margo MacDonald, and peripatetic nearly-man of Scottish politics, a civil disobedience campaign run in conjunction with the leftwards move developed into high farce.

A break-in led by Sillars at the proposed Scottish Assembly building in Edinburgh ended in a court appearance at which Sillars' efforts to cloak himself in political martyrdom were defused by a Sheriff with a sense of humour. The SNP's attempts to present themselves as leaders of industrial disputes were blatantly opportunist and, notably during the Lee Jeans work-in, brought public rebuke from the work-force. As dismay among the traditionalists mounted, turn-outs at long-established demonstrations became tiny.

Meanwhile another group, Siol Nan Gaidheal, was making an even bigger nuisance of itself. These patriotic gents, with a vote-catching image that makes the Militant tendency seem positively magnetic by comparison, variously attracted attention to themselves by marching in paramilitary formation, carrying broadswords on demonstrations, breaking up an SDP meeting at which a union jack was burnt and including in their ranks individuals who had been banned from the SNP.

A backlash from the party mainstream was inevitable and it came at this year's conference when Chairman Gordon Wilson called for a ban on all groups within the party and put his leadership at stake on the issue. He won overwhelmingly and another fierce public row developed, leading to Margo Macdonald's dramatic resignation last week accompanied by the statement that nobody in their right minds would vote for the SNP at present. A few days later, seven left-wing members of the party were expelled.

'No one in their right mind would vote for the SNP'

By the standards of other parties, members of the 79 group have a legitimate grievance in that there is no evidence that they operate as a party within a party. It must also be unfair that a group which includes some sophisticated intellects should be tarred with the same brush as the bizarre Siol Nan Gaidheal. But the feeling is strong in the SNP that for two years Sillars and company had their chance and made a mess of it. Now the petit bourgeois, who have always formed the core of SNP membership, have the bit between their teeth and are unlikely to let go. □

Zareer Masani reports

Clipping the wings of Air India

Employees of Air India, now in the twelfth week of their strike over management practices, are still hoping anxiously for more effective support from a union leadership that is absorbed with the health workers' dispute.

Unusually, the clerical, administrative and industrial staff of Air India's UK workforce are in the same union, the Transport and General Workers. They have an impressive record of successful bargaining and an unusually aware and informed membership. 'If we, the most organised group of airline workers in Britain, with the backing of the country's largest union, can't win this dispute, who can?' asks Ms Mala Dhondy, secretary of the Air India TGWU branch.

Contrary to management claims, the strike is official and began when management imposed flexible rostering without consultation. This was despite an agreement signed by management on 29 May laying down the procedures for consultation on working practices.

Shop stewards who resisted then received letters accusing them individually of disciplinary offences. One was suspended on a charge of 'indiscipline' for bad time-keeping quickly and sacked. Now over 100 employees have been summarily dismissed. Francis da Gama, the regional director, says he hopes the strikers 'will never work for us again' and refuses to let the dispute go to ACAS. However, unofficially management has let it be known that they will reinstate the rank-and-file but not the activists.

The intransigence of management is in part a response to the criticism of them published by the union branch in their bulletins. Over the last two years the branch has challenged what it sees as growing mismanagement that has eroded the profitability of Air India's UK sector. Management jobs in the UK are, they say, lucrative two year assignments for an élite with high political connections. In particular, the bulletins have exhaustively documented the transfer of Air India's charter service to Hindustan Travel Service (HTS) a family monopoly which operates as the airline's General Sales Agent in the UK, North America and northern India. 80 per cent of Air India's seats are now allocated to HTS for sale at cut-price rates, while Air India staff have had to turn away full fare passengers and bonafide travel agents. The airline's UK operation began losing revenue in 1978, the year HTS got the sales agency. The union has photocopies of flight charts showing that passengers have travelled without valid tickets and the flight charts have then been altered to conceal this.

The union's concern at this effective takeover of a public company's charter business by a private company was echoed by a report in October 1981 from the Public Undertakings Committee of the Indian Parliament. The Committee, which looks at corruption and mismanagement in public enterprises in India said Mr Goginder Sanger, owner of HTS, should not have been allowed to take over the northern India ticket sales. Their report was ignored.

The UK management have been advised in the dispute by Lalit Bhasin, a lawyer for the Indian government and Mrs Gandhi herself – despite Mrs Gandhi's advice to Asian workers in Britain to organise for their rights here. □

Peter Kellner reports from Bournemouth

SDP gets the no-hope seats

THE SDP faces humiliation and possible extinction at the next general election, following this week's final agreement with the Liberals over the seats to be fought by the two parties. Only if the Liberal/SDP alliance climbs back with 35 to 40 per cent of the national vote will anything like parity be achieved between Liberals and the SDP in the next Parliament. Any lesser vote will mean many more members for the Liberal Party than the SDP being elected.

Ever since the early arguments last winter, the Liberal leadership has concentrated on keeping 'golden' seats in Liberal hands – those where active local parties have built up a substantial Liberal vote. Seat by seat examination of the final agreement reached last Monday between David Steel and Roy Jenkins shows that all bar a tiny handful – Bath, Ludlow, Saffron Walden and Chertsey – will have Liberal candidates next time.

At the same time most of the present 30 SDP MPs are likely to lose their seats – just as almost all SDP councillors who had defected from Labour and defended their wards in last May's council elections lost theirs.

So there is a clear possibility that if the Alliance wins, say, 50 seats at the next general election up to 45 would be held by the Liberals who would then completely dominate the day-to-day running of the Alliance. If the Alliance wins even fewer seats, the SDP could end up with no MPs at all. Leading Liberals at the party's assembly in Bournemouth privately recognise this and display little regret at the prospect. One of them was asked how many Liberals he thought there would be in the Commons if the Alliance won just 20 seats. He pondered the question for a moment, and then replied: '21'. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Duncan Campbell

Operation Major may be a 'breach of law'

A THAMES VALLEY POLICE officer is to be investigated for alleged fabrication of evidence in connection with the force's well-publicised 'Operation Major' against social security claimants on 2 September. At the centre of the row is a statement obtained by the Oxford Claimants Defence Committee which, they say, shows that evidence against the 170 defendants in the case is being 'manufactured'. In court, the witness was unable to remember many details in his statement.

The statement concerned purports to be made by an Oxford landlord, Mr Jeremiah Cronin, who runs a boarding house chain. An Oxford Detective Constable signed the statement as evidence that he had taken it and witnessed Cronin's signature. But Cronin had not signed the statement; it had actually been drafted and typed by the police, and was sent by post to the landlord for him to sign.

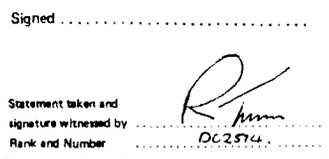
Oxford solicitors, who have already complained about earlier breaches of court procedure during the operation, have been disturbed by the way in which evidence has been prepared against the claimants. The statement obtained by the Defence Committee was in fact a *pro forma* which has been used in evidence against many of the defendants. In it, Cronin describes the arrangements at four houses he owns in which, according to the statement, up to 75 people are accommodated every night. A blank space is left in the witness's statement for the police to fill in names and dates of people who were alleged to be defrauding the DHSS by claiming to be paying Cronin for accommodation.

During one of the cases heard on Tuesday this week, Mr Cronin was unable to recall many details of his *pro forma* statement, and retracted two statements in it. Even after prompting, he could not remember how many places he had said he had in his houses, or give the details of accommodation arrangements for individual defendants which he had outlined in his many statements to police.

The conduct of Operation Major is to be debated by the Thames Valley Police Authority today (Friday). Mr Julian Jaccotet, an Oxfordshire Councillor and Police Authority member, says that the whole affair was a 'flagrant breach of law and proper procedure'. Most of the defendants were remanded in custody after being arrested and held at night in an Oxford school which had been converted into a fake DHSS office for the occasion. Although an impromptu magistrates' court was held to remand the defendants at the school, neither the Court Duty Solicitors nor the Oxfordshire Probation Service were notified about the planned arrests, and members of both groups have publicly condemned the police for their conduct.

Both Mr Cronin and another landlord were questioned by the police during the investigation. According to his own evidence, Mr Cronin could receive over £160,000 a year from the DHSS for providing bed and breakfast accommodation in return for DHSS vouchers – worth £6 a night.

Thames Valley Police Deputy Chief Constable Leslie Emmett said on Tuesday that he was asking on his own initiative for an outside police force to investigate the accusation of fabricated evidence in connection with the statement. A report would go to the Director of Public Prosecutions, he said. □



The unsigned statement witnessed by an Oxford Detective Constable

John Forsyth and David Taylor report

Helicopter accidents will happen

THE SIX men who died when their helicopter ditched in the North Sea last Tuesday brought the total death toll from helicopter accidents in the UK sector of the North Sea to 25. But 24 of these fatalities have occurred in just the last 17 months.

All the deaths involve aircraft owned by Bristow Helicopters, the company which has 40 per cent of the North Sea helicopter business. There have been no deaths from accidents involving helicopters operated by their main competitor, British Airways Helicopters. In August 1981 Alan Bristow, chairman and chief executive of Bristow Helicopters told the *Observer* that his company's safety record was 'much better than par for the course'.

The cause of last week's accident, when the Bell 212 helicopter ditched in bad weather on its way to pick up an injured crewman from the seismic vessel Baffin Seal, is not yet known. But Labour MP David Ennals has once again called for a public inquiry into the North Sea helicopter safety record – as he did last August when 14 men died in two accidents on successive days. Now, as then, his call has been rejected by the Department of Trade on the grounds that the safety record is good and getting better. This is disputed by the British Airline Pilots Association which says that competition for the North Sea contracts will cause the situation to deteriorate, as corners are cut.

A year ago in two articles in the *New Statesman* we accused the Civil Aviation Authority of failing to exert adequate controls over North Sea helicopter operations and of concealing the true extent of the problem. Barry Sherman, Labour MP and Chairman of the Commons Transport Safety Committee, sent the articles to the CAA for comment. In his reply, Mr J. C. Chouffot, the CAA Deputy Chairman, said that the recent 'bad patch' 'should not be allowed to distort the picture as a whole' and that the general trend of the accident rate for helicopters was downward. Since then, the CAA has made no substantial progress on the crucial areas of conern.

- In 1973 the Helicopter Legislation Advisory Group called for a Helicopter Performance Code of Practice 'as a matter of urgency'. There is still no Code though one has been promised several times in the last nine years.
- No significant new restrictions on flying hours for helicopter pilots have been introduced despite pressure from BALPA over several years. Piloting a helicopter can be substantially more fatiguing than flying a fixed wing aircraft, as the Committee on Flight Time Limitations, chaired by Sir Douglas Bader, pointed out in 1973. The effects of multiple sectors – taking off and landing in hops between offshore installations – are particularly exhausting. Last month the CAA ruled that a pilot must take a 30 minute break after 25 or more landings in a continuous three hour period. But BALPA has circulated all its 4,800 members pointing out that this still means 'a single pilot can do 60 landings or more at night in a nine hour Flying Duty Period (FDP) or a two pilot crew can do 80 landings or more in an 11 hour FDP on offshore rigs and platforms in North Sea winter weather conditions'.
- Pilots are also concerned that the regulations have failed to keep up with technological change. Helicopters have a dispensation from the Visual Flight Rules which regulate low flying. At the time they were drawn up the forward airspeed of helicopters did not exceed 140 knots. Now helicopters can go much faster but the dispensation remains.

Beyond the technical regulations there is the wider question of operating practice, and the pressure on pilots to take risks. The near-accidents which follow are often neither reported publicly nor officially investigated suggesting a much better safety record than actually exists. □

Francis Wheen reports on a brutal attack that didn't make the headlines

No prosecution in race attack

A BLACK MAN who was viciously attacked by a gang of white youths in East London has lodged a complaint against the police for their conduct of the investigation into the case.

Luke Fordjour, 37, has worked as a bath attendant for Newham Council for the past eight years. Last Christmas, finding himself short of money, he decided to supplement his wages by driving a mini-cab at weekends. Just after midnight on 8 January this year, on only his third outing as a mini-cab driver, he picked up a passenger in Odessa Road, Newham. He had gone a few yards when a gang of about six youths outside the Odessa Arms pub began to throw snowballs at his car.

Mr Fordjour got out of the car and told them to 'stop throwing things'. The passenger got out too and was punched by one of the white youths. The passenger ran away. Mr Fordjour was then set upon by the gang: 'I was punched for about ten minutes,' he says. 'They then started smashing up my car.'

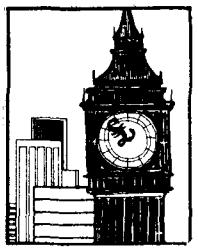
As a result of the blows he received, Mr Fordjour still cannot focus with his left eye, and his right eye has also deteriorated. He has suffered regular nosebleeds since the attack.

Mr Fordjour is disappointed at the police's failure to charge anyone with the attack, especially as he picked out one youngster at an identification parade. The police reply that they cannot prosecute on identification evidence alone, although Mr Fordjour believes that had the police acted quickly at the time more evidence would have been available. When the police visited him in hospital, says Mr Fordjour, they seemed more interested in checking his driving licence and insurance than in getting information that would help them identify and charge his assailants.

Mr Fordjour also claims that, although the police interviewed his passenger, they did not take a formal statement. The West Ham police refuse to comment on this allegation. They also refuse to discuss suggestions that their investigation was not as energetic as it might have been. 'I'm not prepared to go into any comments about what was not done,' said a spokesperson. 'There were several problems with the case,' another policeman added.

Meanwhile Mr Fordjour hopes to return to his work at the bath in Newham at the end of this month, after more than eight months' absence because of the injury to his eyes. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Forget Mr Foot's style, listen to the words

MICHAEL FOOT has delivered many fine speeches in his long career – from the plinth at Trafalgar Square at the end of CND marches; from the rostrum at Labour Party conferences, denouncing the record of Harold Wilson's government in the sixties; in the House of Commons, berating the crimes of the present government with a potent mixture of wit and anger. But never has he made a speech that will be as important, to himself and to the future of the Labour Party, as the one he will make next Tuesday afternoon in Blackpool.

In normal times, speeches are essentially marginal to the political process. Their general purpose is seldom to convey new information, and hardly ever to expound new ideas. The written word is better at performing both functions. Nor do speeches change the views of the speaker's audience, except on very rare occasions. Think of the typical Commons debate. Suppose for a moment that Peter Shore's eloquence in a wind-up speech on the economy moved a number of Tory MPs to murmer to each other: 'Gosh, that *is* a good point. I never realised that. perhaps we're wrong after all. Let's vote with the Opposition tonight.' The prospect is manifestly absurd.

Speeches are instead part of the ritual shadow-boxing that the political process both requires and ignores. It is inconceivable to imagine anyone sustaining a successful political career without making speeches. It is equally inconceivable to imagine any but the most exceptional speech having any effect whatsoever on the political process.

It is just such an exceptional speech that Mr Foot needs to make next week. If it only performs its standard ritual function of rousing genuine but temporary enthusiasm, then one of the last chances to reverse Labour's steady drift towards terminal irrelevance will have been squandered.

AS BRITAIN's general election campaigns are not presidential contests, it is always possible for a party with an unpopular leader to win power. Labour's victories in 1945 and February 1974, and the Tory victories in 1970 and 1979 put into Downing Street Prime Ministers who, as individuals, were less popular than the men they replaced.

Mrs Thatcher's victory in 1979 provided clear evidence that policies matter more than leaders. In a Gallup Poll conducted on election day for the BBC, two of the questions asked were: which party has the best leaders? and which party has the best policies? Most people, not unnaturally, supported their 'own' party down the line. But a significant minority answered these two questions by naming different parties. Gallup found that as many as 85 per cent of this group cast their vote according to which party they felt had the best *policies*.

Edward Heath can also testify to the bittersweet nature of personality ratings. Until Mr Foot came along, he held the record as the most unpopular opposition leader in British polling history. That did not stop the Tories regularly having a 20 point lead over Labour.

So the record shows that parties in Britain have been well able to overcome the unpopularity of their leaders. Mr Foot's standing is much worse than any previous party leader's, to be sure; and that should be a cause for concern – but not panic. It is certainly ropey evidence for anyone who still thinks they can use it as an argument for forcing him to resign.

Michael Foot's problem is not so much to increase his own personal popularity as to restore Labour's general credibility.

Rather, a different lesson should be drawn. It is that the dominant cause of Labour's (and, to a degree, Mr Foot's) unpopularity is the party's general lack of credibility as an alternative government. As the MORI poll I reported on two weeks ago shows, unemployment is the only issue on which Labour comes a clear first as the party with the best policies – and even there Labour's rating is a miserable 32 per cent.

Those who would like Mr Foot to go may well be right in predicting that a new leader, such as Peter Shore, could achieve a higher personal popularity rating; but they would be wrong in predicting that this could be readily turned into votes at election time. Indeed it is quite feasible that a new leader would enjoy a high personal standing, while presiding over a further haemorrhage of Labour votes. David Steel's continuing public reputation as a good Liberal leader has not prevented the Alliance from slipping to a poor third in the polls.

Mr Foot's problem, then, is not so much to increase his own personal popularity, as to restore Labour's general credibility. If Labour goes into the election led by a genial, short-sighted old buffer who gives rambling answers to TV interviewers, then the party can still win if it can persuade more voters that, for example, a Labour government *will* bring down unemployment without provoking excessive inflation. Mr Foot's chief failure as leader so far has not been in his personal appearance but in the responsibility he shares for the party's overall lack of identifiable purpose.

THIS BRINGS US back to Mr Foot's task at Blackpool next week. If he runs true to form, he will deliver a well-turned speech that will sound good at the time, with his attacks on the Tories, his appeals to Labour unity, following the Militant/-registration debate, and his genuine show of concern at the hardships of unemployment and the horrors of war.

Such a speech would not be enough, for it would not tackle the roots of Labour's weakness. Mr Foot needs to deliver a speech that, for once, puts content before style. He did it three weeks ago at Bristol, when he gave the most lucid and unambiguous exposition yet of what an incoming Labour government would do about defence. The speech contained a few high-flown phrases, and Mr Foot delivered it by peering at the script which he held just a few inches from his nose.

Next Tuesday it would be better if Mr Foot memorised the main points of his speech, or if he could borrow President Reagan's ingenious autocue. The important point, however, is that he demonstrates clearly and without equivocation what sort of platform he intends to fight on at the next general election. He needs to display in public some of the decisiveness that his friends *think* they detect in private – on the need to agree an incomes policy (even if it is not called that) with the unions; on the need to present realistic targets for bringing down unemployment, and not pretend that the whole problem can be solved in one Parliament; on the need to construct sensible new relationships with Western Europe and the United States, rather than rupture relations with both. (I have yet to hear anyone explain convincingly how a Labour government can implement a foreign policy that consists of being beastly to the US and the EEC simultaneously, while seeking the co-operation of the main central banks abroad in permitting expansionary economic and financial policies to succeed.)

One danger for Mr Foot is that he will be accused of reneging on *Labour's Programme '82*. There are two answers to this. First, *Labour's Programme* gives few clues as to priorities: there is nothing to stop Mr Foot accepting the programme as a set of targets to be achieved over two or three parliaments. Second, the only alternative to selecting clear priorities now is to persist with the present mix of policies that few people comprehend, while those who do comprehend them have no idea which policies a Labour government will in fact implement.

Unlike James Callaghan, Mr Foot has the votes on both the shadow cabinet and the National Executive to support almost whatever priorities he chooses. His task is to make clear, to the party and to the public, just what those priorities are. And if he has to hold his speech notes three inches from his face to do that, so be it. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CIVIL DEFENCE

Maggie's bunker

In a second report from his forthcoming book,* DUNCAN CAMPBELL reveals the whereabouts of a hundred acres of deep underground bunkers, built to house ministers and key officials in a nuclear war

IN A PAMPHLET distributed widely last year – *Civil Defence – Why we need it* – the Home Office offered this rhetorical commentary on government bunkers:

> What about these deep bunkers we hear about to protect the privileged few? Most senior ministers, government officials and service chiefs would have to remain at their desks if war threatened, and they would take their chances like anybody else if the UK were attacked . . .

This is pure deception. The 'desks' referred to (for senior ministers, government officials and service chiefs) are all some distance below ground. Overall, local authority, government and military regional and sub-regional bunkers, would provide protected places for over 20,000 of the 'privileged few'.

The government owns and maintains two deep underground 'special sites' for the 'privileged few' in case of nuclear war. One of the 'Special Sites' is known as Hawthorn; disguised as 'Supplies Division Stores' for the Property Services Agency (under the Department of the Environment), it comprises some 54 acres, or two million square feet, of underground bunker space, roughly 100 feet underground in old stone quarries near Bath. Originally adapted as an aircraft factory in the early 1940s, Hawthorn forms only part of an underground nerve centre covering several square miles near the Wiltshire town of Corsham. In a crisis Hawthorn would be the Central Government War Headquarters, and the protected home of most of the British government.

The second 'Special Site', under the control of Corsham, is at Rhydymwyn in North Wales, where massive tunnels were cut into the side of a limestone valley to house almost all of Britain's World War 2 supplies of chemical weapons. However, the Rhydymwyn bunkers, although maintained and earmarked, have never been converted to serve as a nuclear war HQ.

Some 400 officials of the Property Services Agency work full-time administering the so-called 'Special Sites' organisation. This group is based at Croydon, in south London, and at Corsham itself. At Corsham, an Area Office of the PSA, with the appropriate address of 1 Old Shaft Road, abuts directly onto one of the underground complex's many access shafts. Because of its importance, this office is controlled from London.

In practice, being 100 feet below ground is not much protection against the apocalyptic power of a large thermonuclear weapon, certainly not if it explodes overhead. The largest hydrogen bombs carried on Soviet missiles yield about 25 Megatons. Such a bomb, exploding on the ground, would scoop a crater 250 feet deep and 3,000 feet across. Even a near-miss would destroy any headquarters bunker so near the surface.

Lack of protection notwithstanding, Mrs Thatcher has been true to her Iron Maiden image by insisting on playing her own role in war exercises personally. *The Times* has reported the enthusiasm with which Mrs Thatcher left Downing Street for the 'Maggiebunker' during one of the NATO *Wintex* series of exercises. That was in 1980; the next *Wintex* is due early next year.

HAWTHORN and the Corsham quarries were first spotted as likely war citadels during the First World War, and they have remained on military requisition lists ever since. Indeed, the underground area at Hawthorn could swallow up almost all of central London's government buildings.

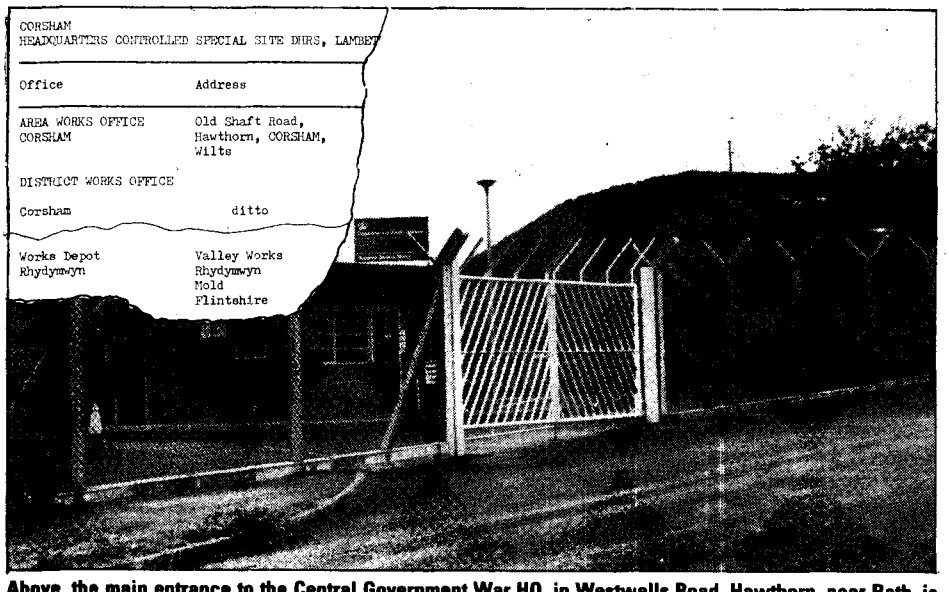
The complex can be entered via lifts, or through escalators of the same type as are installed in the London underground. Standard gauge underground trains are believed to connect several parts of the complex, and a siding, now disused, connects directly to the London-Bath railway line. The Box railway tunnel, one of Brunel's 19th-century creations, in fact runs through the centre of the complex, and passengers to Bath at some points are separated from the War Headquarters by less than 30 feet of rock.

The Hawthorn development of 1942 was one of the British government's most expensive, and secret, boondoggles. As Minister of Aircraft Production, Lord Beaverbrook staunchly battled with a reluctant Treasury to get authority to build the huge underground factory, one of four such sites – three are still used as nuclear HQs. Budgeted for just over £2 million, Hawthorn eventually employed 8,500 men in its construction and cost by 1946, £13 million. It produced aircraft parts only with considerable difficulty, and not for very long. Three other large quarries in the Corsham area were converted at the same time, while a fourth, at Chilmark near Salisbury, is still in use as a central RAF bomb store and is surrounded by the highest security, including radioactive hazard warning signs.

The Hawthorn 'development' was inside Spring Quarry, the largest and most famous of the rock beds, hewn to build Bath's elegant terraces. After 1945, it fell into a decade of disuse. In the early 1950s, the government built a central war headquarters in tunnels below Whitehall where, a hundred feet down in clay, it might successfully have resisted the effects of atomic bombs. But with the arrival of the hydrogen bomb, small, regional government war rooms were replaced by the now notorious Regional Seats of Government (RSGs), exposed in 1963 by the Committee of 100 group of activists, who called themselves the *Spies for Peace*.

At the head of the new system of wartime government was the Central Government War Headquarters at Hawthorn. The wartime 'machinery of government', described in civil defence documents, provides for control of most aspects of domestic affairs to be under the full control of Regional and Sub-Regional Commissioners, some 32 in number and all appointed by Royal Warrant, each responsible for a territory. But the Central Government HQ would provide overall supervision, and in addition conduct foreign affairs, trade, and high command of military forces. The central defence staff would be co-located with central government.

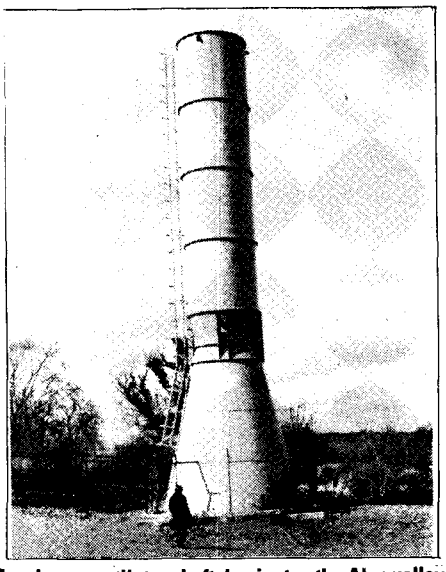
As Hawthorn was developed in the late



Above, the main entrance to the Central Government War HQ, in Westwells Road, Hawthorn, near Bath, is disguised as a Property Services Agency 'Supplies Division Stores'. But inside the entrance is a board giving Britain's nuclear alert state. To the right is the entrance (in the mound) to underground escalators. The tearout shows an extract from the PSA directory which lists Corsham and Rhydynwyn as the government's 'Special Sites'.

WAR PLAN UK, to be published on 25 October by Burnett Books/Hutchinson, 488 pp, £6.95. Copies available through *NS*. See p.36 for details.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Top, huge ventilator shaft dominates the Alyn valley at the Rhydymwyn 'Special Site'.

1950s, details about its wartime past were suppressed. An Official History of the Second World War, *Works and Buildings* published in 1952, gives details of the Spring Quarry development; the similar volume on *Factories and Plant,* published in 1958, gives no details of the site.

The Post Office similarly made Hawthorn the covert centrepiece of its new 'microwave' telecommunications network, constructed in the late '50s and early '60s exclusively for military purposes – not 'for colour television', as the Post Office (now British Telecom) likes to claim. To the north of the main Hawthorn site stands a 150-foot high microwave radio tower which provides thousands of telephone and telegraph connections into the bunkers a few hundred yards away. This northerly part of the underground site is now openly identified as Headquarters of Britain's Defence Communications Network, administered from nearby RAF Rudloe Manor.

The main entrance to the Maggiebunker HQ is in Westwells Road, Hawthorn, a mile-long route festooned with military and communications establishments. On both sides of the road are supposed Property Services Agency establishments, which constitute the core of the 'Special Site'. One is the Corsham Area Works Office, responsible for overall supervision and directly administered from London. A second is the so-called Supplies Division Stores. These 'stores' are remarkable for the number of fences surrounding them, and the display, at the entrance police lodge, of a noticeboard giving the 'Bikini (i.e. nuclear) Alert State'.

In fact the 'Stores' are the old aircraft factory's main entrance. Close to the police lodge, a huge mound with two concrete entranceways conceals escalators which lead down to the underground complex. Numerous air shafts, and chimneys for the power house, dot the landscape. A few hundred yards away, is another shaft through which fuel oil supplies are fed, both to the PSA 'Special Site' complex and to the RAF-run communications centre. Around this and other such shafts, fortified and sandbagged emplacements for machine-gun defences are permanently installed.

While photographing the PSA 'Stores' last month, I was challenged by a member of the RAF security service, who immediately claimed (erroneously) that the area belonged not to the PSA but to the Ministry of Defence and that photography was automatically prohibited. He withdrew shortly after it was pointed out that his zealousness had only further contributed to undermining the establishment's 'cover' as a PSA warehouse.

REMARKABLY, for so sensitive a government venture, details of the 'Special Sites' organisation are published annually, although the purpose of the sites is not identified. The Annual Reports of the PSA, available from HMSO, give numbers of non-industrial staff in each department of the Agency. Category 4 covers 'Home Regional HQ Special Sites'. The tables show that (in April 1980) some 208 white collar staff worked for this division of the PSA's Home Regional Services Directorate. A PSA internal directory (see inset) lists the 'headquarters controlled Special Sites' as Corsham/Hawthorn, and Rhydymwyn. Most of the millions of pounds spent each year on maintaining the Hawthorn headquarters are concealed in the Department of the Environment's general administrative costs; the rest is charged to the Ministry of Defence.

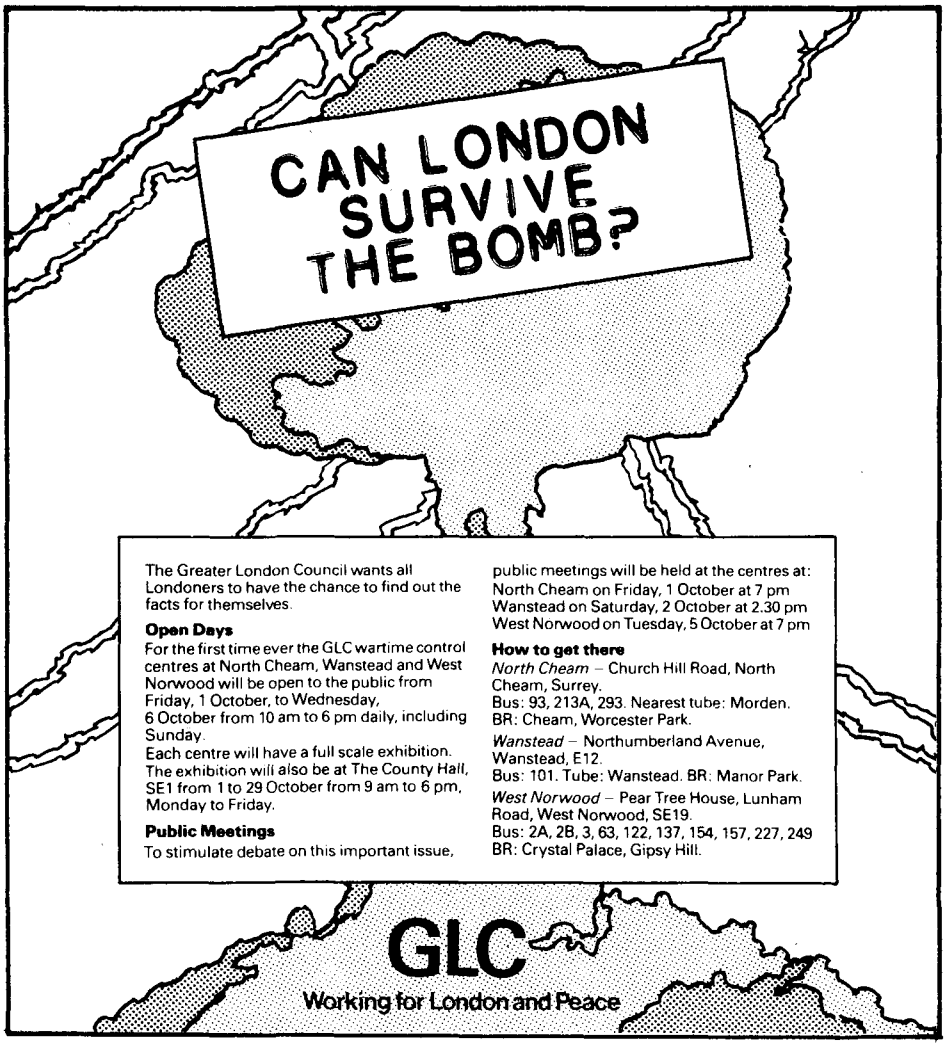
Other, unclassified, PSA directories show that the staff employed at Corsham include such exotic specialities as 'Railway Inspection' officers for the underground railway connections. The PSA Director in charge of Hawthorn and related bunkers is Mr A. J. Aveling, who is based in Croydon. In the words of one PSA official: 'If the balloon goes up, it (Hawthorn) will *be* London'. The accommodation available at Hawthorn could in principle house 10-20,000 staff – or more if wartime standards of accommodation were adopted. Air coming into the complex is not merely filtered, but 'scrubbed' – a process which uses purified water to wash fallout particules, or other noxious substances, from the surface out of the air supply. If the complex was not directly attacked, the civil servants and others there could expect up to several months' protection from the ravages of nuclear war.

Another major central government control centre also appears to be sited in an adjacent quarry in the eastern part of the Hawthorn complex. This is the war headquarters for the United Kingdom Land Forces Army command which would,in effect, take over as Britain's supreme military authority – operating under the United Kingdom Commanders-in-Chief Committee. The quarries concerned – the Tunnel and Hudswell quarries – are linked both to the Spring Quarry bunkers and to the British Rail sidings off the Box Tunnel.

Many other quarries around Hawthorn have been converted into military stores. Their capacity has eventually proved too great even for the MoD. Two of the remoter ones, former ammunition stores, were sold off in 1975 by means of an unusual advertisement in the national press:

> VAST UNDERGROUND PREMISES; Wiltshire : Two properties offering underground, clean, dry space . . .

Together, these two quarries alone – at Monkton Farleigh and Eastlays, near


CAN LONDON SURVIVE THE BOMB?
The Greater London Council wants all Londoners to have the chance to find out the facts for themselves.
Open Days
For the first time ever the GLC wartime control centres at North Cheam, Wanstead and West Norwood will be open to the public from Friday, 1 October, to Wednesday, 6 October from 10 am to 6 pm daily, including Sunday.
Each centre will have a full scale exhibition. The exhibition will also be at The County Hall, SE1 from 1 to 29 October from 9 am to 6 pm, Monday to Friday.
Public Meetings
To stimulate debate on this important issue, public meetings will be held at the centres at:
North Cheam on Friday, 1 October at 7 pm
Wanstead on Saturday, 2 October at 2.30 pm
West Norwood on Tuesday, 5 October at 7 pm
How to get there
North Cheam – Church Hill Road, North Cheam, Surrey.
Bus: 93, 213A, 293. Nearest tube: Morden. BR: Cheam, Worcester Park.
Wanstead – Northumberland Avenue, Wanstead, E12.
Bus: 101. Tube: Wanstead. BR: Manor Park.
West Norwood – Pear Tree House, Lunham Road, West Norwood, SE19.
Bus: 2A, 2B, 3, 63, 122, 137, 154, 157, 227, 249
BR: Crystal Palace, Gipsy Hill.
GLC
Working for London and Peace

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Corsham – amounted to some two million square feet of underground space. Both have been bought by local business groups, one of whom planned in 1980 to turn the Eastlays Quarry into a nuclear shelter condominium, complete with bomb-proof family lettings, supermarkets and cinemas to ride out the holocaust. There do not appear so far to have been many takers.

IN ADVISING local authorities and public bodies about civil defence arrangements, the Home Office has been careful never to allude to its plans for protecting central government and they have remained secret until now. Even the *Spies for Peace*, who raided one of the Regional Seats of Government to provide the material for their disclosures during the 1963 Aldermaston march, were uncertain as to the whereabouts – or even the existence – of such a centre. Ironically, according to a former member of the group, they attempted both to enter the Corsham complex, and also went searching for a mysterious 'Hawthorn' – in Surrey, unfortunately. The only public reference to the centre came in a series of articles in the *Daily Express* by Chapman Pincher in 1959:

> A chain of underground fortresses from which the government could control Britain and mount a counter offensive in the event of an H bomb attack is being built far outside London . . . The Cabinet defence chiefs, the essential parts of the Whitehall machine and possibly some embassy staffs would be evacuated to the forts . . .

Among those to be protected were a group of civil servants (Chapman called them 'Whitehall Moles') working in the tunnels under London:

> In the event of emergency, the key Moles would be evacuated to a much deeper underground HQ being hollowed out far away from London . . .

Since 1959, evacuation plans for the civilian population in the event of nuclear war have been abandoned and the medical and rescue teams of the Civil Defence Corps disbanded. But the Maggiebunker has been maintained and indeed extended – at considerable public expense. For those not qualifying for a place, all that is left is the lunacy of the Home Office 'Do-It-Yourself' booklet, *Protect and Survive:*

> On hearing the all-clear signal . . . you may resume normal activities. □

NEXT WEEK: How many will die?

THE SPARK CIVIL DEFENCE EXHIBITION NOW ON SALE

6 A1 full colour printed panels on 300 gsm card – *'Civil Defence who needs it, In the event of a nuclear attack, The realities of nuclear war. . . .'*

Simple graphics, many from HMG, are strikingly transposed on to original text. Technical information from SANA. For immediate campaigning use. Hard Rock is postponed, but Hard Luck continues.

Exhibition and details from CND Sales (263 5673) or SPARK (673 7901, evenings).

PUBLIC SECTOR PAY

Common claims

This year the health unions had a common settlement date for their pay negotiations. PATRICK WINTOUR reports on whether other unions will follow

THERE IS no one moment when the pay round begins. Most say it evolves perhaps some time after the TUC Congress in September though it is difficult to justify even this date since there is an increasing trend for wage negotiations to be drawn out well beyond their formal settlement date. For instance, a third of all employees had not received their 1981-2 increase in June. Even now unfinished business remains. The health workers, the railway workers and the local government white collar workers – who go to arbitration this Friday – have yet to settle.

Nevertheless, it can be said that the 1982 wage round begins this week with the waterworkers and the engineers starting serious negotiations. Soon after comes Vauxhall (where a 7.5 per cent offer has already been made) then Tate and Lyle, United Glass, Scottish and Newcastle, Metal Box and Reckitt & Colman whose chairman is also chairman of the CBI's Economic Committee. Last year, on behalf of the CBI, he called for restraint: on behalf of Reckitt and Colman he offered his workers an inflationary 11 per cent.

Despite such backsliding, the Government can be pleased with last year's efforts. The CBI claims that settlements in manufacturing have been halved from 16 per cent in mid-1980 to 8 per cent in mid-81. They also claim that unit labour costs during the year to mid-'82 rose more slowly, for the second year running, than the average of our competitors. The Government's tax and price index which measures how much taxable pay must go up in order to compensate for price increases reached 9.6 per cent for the 12 months prior to July. The underlying increase in earnings was only 9.25 per cent.

The employers' advance would have been even more swift but for what Geoffrey Howe calls 'earnings drift' – local increases negotiated for overtime, productivity, etc. CBI figures show that 70 per cent of basic settlements last year were between 5 and 8 per cent, but the 'drift' added another 4 per cent. Employers may find it difficult to ignore such local deals this year since many of them have pared their workforces down to the minimum which they must keep. Unions are thus in a stronger bargaining position at plant level. The CBI has already issued advice against such local concessions.

In the public sector the TUC is determined to build on the 1981-2 policy of co-ordinating pay claims. Some moves towards a common settlement date have been made in the university sector but in local authorities the manual workers settle in November, the teachers in April and the white collar workers in July. In the civil service, white collar workers settle in April and blue collar workers in July. Inevitably, given the health service dispute, the prospect of common settlement dates throughout the public sector will not be welcomed by employers.

THE TUC's economic committee will be discussing its co-ordination of public sector pay policy next month and a special consultative conference may yet be called. But there are already plans to spread the strategy to the Nationalised Industry Committee. Union leaders on that committee held meetings in March and July with the Public Service Committee to discuss common claims and cash limits. For a union like Nalgo which has members in nationalised industries and public services the advantages of a joint strategy are clear. The dangers include a loss of union autonomy and the centralisation of union power. Last week's secret meetings between the government and two members of the Health Service Committee show the dangers of a few people being empowered to negotiate for millions of workers in meetings of which the millions have no knowledge.

Apart from the miners – settlement date 1 November – the crucial negotiation this year in the public sector may be that of the 500,000 white collar civil servants. The executive of the largest union, the CPSA, which represents low paid clerical workers, has endorsed a strategy of a £12 flat rate claim including special provision for higher paid civil servants in other unions. This is likely to form the basis of the civil service unions' common claim and will be put to special conferences in December.

There is no possibility of the Megaw proposals on a new system of civil service pay determination being ready for next April. The Society of Civil and Public Servants has already opposed Megaw and indeed wanted to stop any union discussion with the Treasury on the issue. The CPSA was prepared to meet with the Government but in a confidential document to be presented to their special conference in December the executive state that the proposals:

> are so biased in favour of government that it is extremely unlikely that they would form the basis of any lasting pay system. The Megaw system is about paying enough to recruit and retain staff. The detailed proposals on comparability are really designed to impose a new structure of internal relativities and window dressing to convince civil servants that their pay is linked to private sector work of equal responsibility.

The document then goes on to point out that almost all of the Megaw proposals are designed to drive civil servants' wages down and not to achieve fair comparisons with the private sector.

If the civil servants do reject Megaw – a near certainty – the TUC will follow suit allowing no common ground between unions, which want a system of pay comparability, and government which wants a Megaw market system.

It may be unintentional but the delay over settlements is leading to an alarmingly large backlog of pay problems for the government to deal with by December. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 2nd NEW STATESMAN Low Collection

Hilaire Belloc 1926

Arnold Bennett 1926

Joseph Conrad 1926

H. G. Wells 1926

Lloyd George 1926

Lord Chief Justice 1926

Marie Stopes 1933

J. H. Thomas 1926

MORE HISTORIC PRINTS

from only £3 each

Fifty-six years ago, the NEW STATESMAN commissioned the young David Low to sketch the famous of the day. We reproduced his sketches in 1926 and published a second series in 1933. They helped to establish Low as the 20th century's greatest political cartoonist.

Extra copies of his sketches were printed, stored and forgotten – until they were found in our vaults last year.

Last autumn we offered a selection for sale. Now we offer a new selection (illustrated above) with a few (see order form) from last year.

These reproductions are a little blemished by age but are in acceptable condition. As we said at the time: each is 'printed on special cartridge paper by the finest offset process available'. They cannot be repeated in this form: Low's original drawings and the printing plates were destroyed before the war.

The reproductions are available in two ways:

● MOUNTED and FRAMED at £15 each (**to UK addresses only** – sorry, no overseas orders due to packing problems) including postage and VAT. The mount is dark brown, the frame is plain mid-oak hardwood, about 11in. wide by 13¼in. deep.

● UNFRAMED at £3 each (**to UK addresses** – overseas prices on application) including postage and VAT.

The framed prints will make original and pleasing Christmas gifts. To be sure of receiving them in time for Christmas, please order before **Wed. 24 November.**

ILLUSTRATED ABOVE	FRAMED @ £15 each	UNFRAMED @ £3 each
Hilaire Belloc		
Arnold Bennett		
Joseph Conrad		
H. G. Wells		
Lloyd George		
Lord Chief Justice		
Marie Stopes		
J. H. Thomas		
NOT ILLUSTRATED		
Lord Beaverbrook		
J. M. Keynes		

Number framed..... Remittance £.....

Number unframed..... Remittance £.....

TOTAL £.....

If any of the prints you want have sold out, may we substitute:

Winston Churchill Yes☐ No☐

Ramsay Macdonald Yes☐ No☐

If 'No', we will refund your money. Prices are for UK addresses only. For overseas addresses, please apply for prices of unframed prints (sorry, framed prints not available). Please allow up to 28 days for delivery.

Send this coupon to: **LOW PRINT SALES, NEW STATESMAN, FREEPOST** (no stamp required), **LONDON WC1V 7XD.**
Cheques/postal orders payable to 'New Statesman'.

PLEASE USE BLOCK CAPITALS

Name.....

Address.....

..... Post Code.....

Your signature.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The unfeeling Left

Conservatives have appropriated the emotions of patriotism which can properly belong to the Left, argue JEREMY SEABROOK and TREVOR BLACKWELL

ONE OF THE MORE obvious products of the Falklands adventure was the resurgence of an effervescent patriotism which has had few legitimate political outlets in recent years. On the Right, this shift has been celebrated as a rediscovery of British virtue and valour: yet again, Britain has had a lesson to teach the world. On the Left – which had already been discomposed by the forward march of Thatcherism – there has been a feeling of the unspeakableness of it all, a deepening sense of numbness and incredulity.

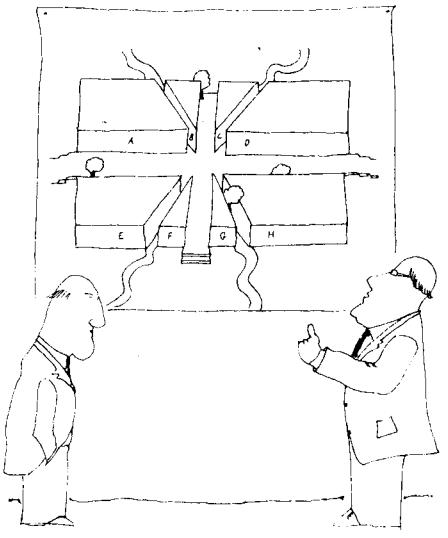
The remoteness of the Left from what seems the popular mood has led it to hope that it would all die down as swiftly as it arose, or that the Falklands inquiry will rationally demonstrate that it was all Thatcher's fault in the first place, with the result that a suitably enlightened and chastened people will revise their earlier feelings. The Left is likely to be disappointed: the energies released by the Falklands episode mark a significant extension of the deep processes set in train by the accession to power of Mrs Thatcher, and her ever more skilful re-creation of solidarity in terms of a sense of national unity.

These powerful feelings released by the Falklands triumph – feelings for such a long time shamed into quiescence or confined to extremist politics – will now remain available for Mrs Thatcher to play upon, precisely in order to deflect attention from all those things which are, in reality, most deeply damaging to the texture and quality of our national life. For it is not the least of the contradictions of Thatcherism that it manages to use patriotism in the interests of those international market forces which are even now 'reconstructing' Britain and wresting control from anything resembling a national entity.

Mrs Thatcher has often proclaimed herself a conviction politician; in retrospect, it may be seen that these convictions masked the process whereby, at the very moment in which all the imperial memories were being invoked and revalidated, Britain itself was being transformed into an internal colony of the global capitalist empire. (This contradiction gave a particular sharpness to the government's evasion of its usual commitment to market forces – when it decided to subsidise the construction in Britain of a replacement for the Atlantic Conveyor. To have permitted that ship to be built in South Korea would have demonstrated too baldly the real nature of the long-term transformation taking place.)

Whatever malign forces may work through Mrs Thatcher's patriotism, the feelings which she summoned up have deep and genuine popular roots. Her assimilation of the Argentine invasion of the Falklands to the Channel Islands under the Nazi yoke drew very effectively upon the folk memories of the Second World War. Behind the image of Britain standing alone against the Fascist aggressor were all the echoes of Business as Usual, the cheerful quiet heroism of the Anderson shelters, St Paul's burning in the searchlight, the canary singing in the rubble, poignant memories of a Britain where everyone pulled together.

It is customary and easy for the Left to dismiss such patriotic sentiments, to distrust such strong particular feelings, content to rest, somewhat uncritically, in the view that working people have no country. This insensitivity towards such



Will Self

real feelings of love, towards the driving need to belong, sits ill upon those for whom it is axiomatic that solidarity is the highest virtue. This is not to defend any and every manifestation of patriotism; but it is to point to the authenticity and value of the experience on which patriotic fervour can draw.

Some 40 years after he wrote it, Orwell's judgment is still worth recalling: 'The vast majority of the people *feel* themselves to be a single nation, and are conscious of resembling one another more than they resemble foreigners. Patriotism is usually stronger than class-hatred, and always stronger than any kind of internationalism.' (Orwell's image of the nation as family was made memorable by his qualification that it is 'a family with the wrong members in control.')

The manipulated theatricality of Mrs Thatcher's patriotism must be separated from the real substance: that love of place, that comfort of the familiar, that security of belonging, which are part of our common inheritance. It is a measure of the Left's failure of heart and imagination that it has ceded these things, lock, stock and barrel, to the Right. Perhaps the Left would have more effect and influence on those whom it claims for its natural constituency, if it took their feelings a little more seriously – if, dare we say it, it loved them a little more.

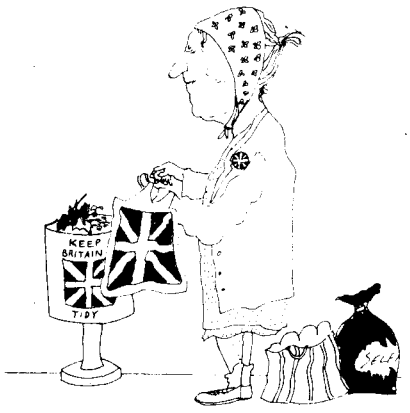
MANY POLITICAL commentators, especially in the popular press, have celebrated the triumph of Mrs Thatcher's aggressive determination and highly moralised patriotism, and have seen her as carrying all before her. We would speak rather of the tragic nature of Mrs Thatcher's role: tragic, because, although she is able to address a genuine popular feeling, she then delivers those sentiments to forces that do not in any way serve the long-term needs of our people. It isn't only that her patriotism is too *easy*, that it lives essentially on its past and depends for its rhetorical effect on an imperial space which no longer exists.

More significantly, Mrs Thatcher's is a *false* patriotism: false, because the processes over which she now drapes the Union Jack are the very same market forces which have worked unremittingly over the years to erode those feelings and values on which could be constructed another patriotism more valid and legitimate than anything she can imagine. These market forces have eaten into the often-praised and diminishing national virtues – tolerance, good humour, decency – and have replaced them with harsher, more uncompromising social relationships. It is these that have crushed an older spirit of companionability and neighbourliness, and have substituted for it a new tension, a fear of violence, a suspicion and distrust.

These things have become the common stock of popular regret and lament, the material for countless conversations wherever people meet – at work, in pubs, at family gatherings, in bus queues, in shops and launderettes. These are conversations of dislocation and loss, bewildered and faltering questions of why people and places should have been transformed out of recognition. Why do old people not dare to open their doors after dark? How is it possible for someone to lie dead in a flat for a month without anyone knowing, or even, apparently, caring? Why do so many families break up, why do so many of our relationships seem unsatisfactory and unstable? Why can you no longer rely on anybody but yourself? Why does it seem everybody is out for number one?

And underlying all these questions is a sense of fatalism: what can you do about it? There is a pervasive sense of powerlessness, a feeling of being installed in a set of processes over which human beings have no control. Even a decade ago, people used to ask 'Why doesn't somebody do something about it? Somebody ought to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Will Self

complain.' But they don't even ask questions like that any more; and there is no one to complain to. Now, it's 'Where is it all going to end?'; and if trouble comes, 'Keep out of the way.' Above all, don't get involved.

It is fatally easy to caricature these sentiments into sub-cockney cliché; and in fact, that seem about all that *can* be done, because no one on the Left feels able to take up these challenges and cries, or even to see them for what they are. What can be said about a Left which remains faintly embarrassed by the essential experiences of those for whom it claims to speak, a Left which offers to this impoverishment of the spirit the details of its Alternative Economic Strategy?

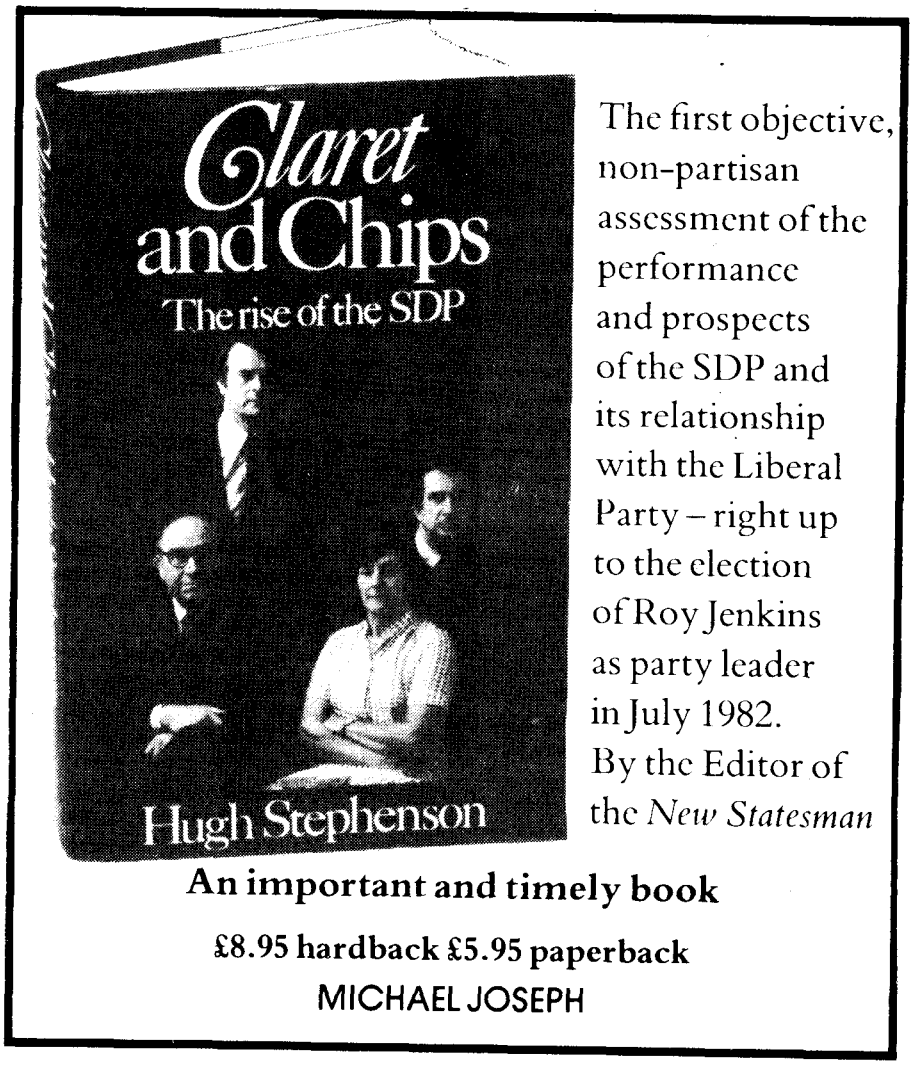
The Right knows no such inhibitions. On these ruined places Mrs Thatcher erects a fantasy of a resurrected 19th-century Britain. But it has to be asked whether Mrs Thatcher's populist rhetoric can ever assuage the real losses which so many people have experienced. If the passion and hysteria which followed in the wake of the Falklands conflict seemed out of proportion to the event that released them, is it not because they have, in part, been displaced from elsewhere? The intensity and depth of feeling were caused by something closer to home than any action of an Argentine junta. The legitimate surge of anger against the Argies, the discovery of the violent injury done us were a displaced expression of those other feelings of anger and injury provoked by the violent changes and upheavals which we have suffered in our daily lives, over which we feel we have no control, and over which Mrs Thatcher and her predecessors have presided with the coolest indifference.

OUR STRONGEST objection to the invocation of Mrs Thatcher's patriotism is that it makes it more difficult for us to understand the real limitations and the real opportunities that confront this country, that they obscure with the vapours of fantasy our true position in the world, and the action required for our survival. What has happened only serves to stifle and muffle the pain that lies heavy on the heart of those succeeding generations of British people who have paid, not only with their body and their labour, but with their heart and affections, their spirit and mind, the incalculable price exacted by the continuous and triumphal progress of capitalism.

It is tragic beyond words that real blood was spilt in order to conjure up ghosts of Britain's military past, whose dance will never assuage the real sufferings that the exigencies of capital have always inflicted and continue to inflict. Patriotism had slumbered during the years of material ease. It is no accident that post-affluent capitalism decks itself out with all the accoutrements of a patriotism which in the '60 and '70s had been reduced to ornamenting carrier bags.

The reappearance of poverty and unemployment and riots should serve to remind us that the true nature of the society we live in has never changed. We have only to look at what it has continued to take from us even at its most benign moment of plenty, when its promises seemed to numb the brain and dazzle the eye, to wonder that we could have lost sight, even for a moment, of what it has meant for us over two centuries: the careless and repeated destruction of people's living-places, an ever more brutal architecture to contain the spillage and despair of broken lives; the relentless disfiguring and spoliation of the countryside; the sweeping away of communities under the imperatives of profit; the destruction of hard-won skills and wisdom; the breaking of a sense of belonging to a particular place when one town or city becomes indistinguishable from any other, and its replacement by a vain and driven restlessness; the constant kneading and reshaping of human lives so that they will continue to serve the sterile idolatry of money. The deserted streets of our cities swirling with rubbish and refuse on a Saturday night have their parallel in the wreckage of humanity discarded in psychiatric and geriatric wards, in all the people wasted by drugs and alcohol and loneliness. A patriotism which can accept such cruelties is no patriotism at all.

We have been betrayed by those who see no future for Britain other than in the continuation and intensification of those processes, which have damaged our capacity to care, exploited our desire to belong, used up our ability to love one another, injured us in our deepest sympathies and affections. From a longer historical perspective, Mrs Thatcher may be seen to have stood, not for Britain at all, but for that remorseless process which has not ceased for a moment to exact its tribute from the substance of generations of English – and Welsh, and Scottish – people. It is time for the Left to lay claim to another patriotism. A patriotism which concerned itself with the re-creation of our sense of kinship, the revitalising of neighbourhood, the celebration of the local and the familiar – a patriotism which offers the possibility of belonging to a community of which one need not feel ashamed, a patriotism which encourages a love of place which poses no threat to all the other places that other people love – this would be a truer patriotism. It would be a patriotism which demanded as its most sublime expression not the death of its young, but which welcomed, even desired, their more abundant living. □



The first objective, non-partisan assessment of the performance and prospects of the SDP and its relationship with the Liberal Party – right up to the election of Roy Jenkins as party leader in July 1982.
By the Editor of the *New Statesman*

An important and timely book

£8.95 hardback £5.95 paperback

MICHAEL JOSEPH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roy Hattersley

The Doers versus Dreamers for democracy

THE description of the Labour Party as a broad church is a dangerous as well as a threadbare metaphor: like all the best clichés it contains a payload of pure gold. But the nugget is buried in so much oversimplification that it can be used to justify almost anything. Harold Wilson conjured up the comfortable camaraderie of vicarage tea parties and no great fuss about the catechisms. *Militant* extended the image to those modern theological movements which do not require Christians to believe in God. There is another – often overlooked – parallel. During that period in the history of the Church when dogma went out of fashion, the congregations began to wonder if there was any point in spending boring evenings on hard pews.

Like the Church, the Labour Party survived for years as an amalgamation of irreconcilable elements. The real distinction was not between Marxists and Methodists, radicals and revolutionaries, or even gradualist Fabians and impatient Bolsheviks. The important division was the line that divided ameliorators from ideologues. On one side were the men and women of compassion who wanted to introduce items of immediate social improvement. On the other were men and women of ideas who intended to change the nature of society.

Until at least 1951 the two disparate factions clung together as a coalition of objectives. For the specific improvements which the ameliorators advocated were seen by the ideologues as the first steps along the road to the new society they hoped to build. R. H. Tawney believed that the pursuit of equality required a single education system, freed from the divisive damage of the independent schools. We could all rally round the enthusiastic application of the Butler Education Act and the concept of 'parity of esteem'.

For Tawney himself had railed against the 20-year failure to increase the school leaving age and the continued existence of 'all-age' elementary schools. He had preached the gospel of practicality – the need to do what is immediately possible rather than dream of ultimate perfection. So the ideologues and ameliorators combined to introduce the tripartite system of secondary education, with half the partnership believing that it was only laying foundations.

In 1945 there was no time to spare for philosophical distinctions between 'equality of opportunity' and 'equality of outcome' – even though Tawney himself had warned of the need for 'an open road as well as an equal start'. The ideologists thought that they had begun the long march. And the ameliorators believed that they were about to move into one of the New Jerusalem's salubrious suburbs. It was a fruitful partnership. But, as political history shows, supporting specific policies as distinct from consistent philosophies is the certain prescription for apostasy.

When the specific goals are achieved, reform turns into reaction, with one-time radicals in bitter opposition to what their more ideologically inclined old allies think of as simply an extension to the first stage of their reasonable revolution. A personal element is also involved. Many of the erstwhile reformers never imagined that they were beginning a process which might end with the abolition of the privileges which they prized – private education, pay beds, tax-free country cottages and exclusive rights to Covent Garden. The result is – at best – what Tony Crosland called 'a party in defence of what we did between 1945 and 1951'.

IN 1956, CROSLAND published what is now acknowledged as the great post-war restatement of democratic socialist philosophy. Yet, for a quarter of a century, its real message has been ignored. In part that act of wilful intellectual neglect is the result of too many materialistic hopes being pinned on the economic analysis with which it began. *The Future of Socialism* was the product of 1950s over-optimism. For all parties of the period, economic growth was a philosopher's stone which, when rubbed on Great Britain, produced whatever sort of society they wanted to see. Mr Macmillan intended to finance independent television and supply an increasing number of florins to fructify in the pockets of the people. Tony Crosland meant to build hospitals, fund pensions and oil the processes of smooth alignment between the highest income and the lowest wage. The God failed them both.

But Crosland was a philosopher as well as an economist. And it is a tragedy that the errors of his economic analysis have obscured the central truth of his political message. Every page of *The Future of Socialism* is the assertion that pragmatism alone is not enough and that socialism (to use the catchphrase of Professor Arthur Lewis) is 'about equality'.

On the weekend before Tony Crosland suffered his fatal stroke, he and I tried to construct a slight improvement on that simplistic formula. If it had been a competition, he of course would have won. The winning entry defined socialism as 'the pursuit of equality, the protection of freedom and the understanding that until we are truly equal, we cannot be truly free'. Unless the Labour Party commits itself to such a statement of principal our chances of success (perhaps even of survival) will be recklessly reduced. For the old ameliorators now have another party, in which they can display their undogmatic decency. Even with Thatcherite barbarism in full spate, life is not like it was in 1930. All that is left for the Labour Party to do is change the nature of society.

And, if those of us who want to see Tawney's free society do not fight our ideological corner, the mainstream of democratic socialist belief will be swamped by polluted waters. For too long, the Tawney/Cole/Crosland school of socialism has stayed silent. We cannot fight unacceptable ideas with the nostrum that it is best to have no ideas at all. Unless those of us who believe that socialism is 'about equality and liberty' state our case, others will fill the ideological vacuum.

The weakness of the formula, as Crosland would have swiftly acknowledged, is the absurdity of pretending to encompass a great ideal with a single sentence. Its strength is what it implies about freedom. The definition on which it depends is Tawney's insistence that freedom is not just the absence of restraint which simply allows the rich to exploit their riches. The freedom we seek ensures that an increasing number of people have an increasing prospect of a better life. Brian Walden once accused me of defining liberty as a tenant's right to have a watertight roof. Guilty as charged.

But Tawney put it all more elegantly. 'It is still constantly assumed by privileged classes that when the State holds its hand what remains as a result of its inaction is liberty. In reality, as far as the mass of mankind is concerned what commonly remains is . . . tyranny.' He argued for 'not the curtailment of liberties, but their more general distribution', an ideal 'denounced as tyrannical by those whose authority is likely, in consequence to suffer diminuation'.

The Crosland definition of socialism is in fact the great argument for state intervention – but intervention to liberate rather than tyrannise the subject. It requires the government to smash monopolies, provide democratic control of the police, ensure both access to information and the right to privacy, protect the minorities by affirmative action on jobs and education, pump resources into the deprived inner cities and ensure that the powerful trade unions' insistence on free collective bargaining does not imperil the improved living standards that a socialist incomes policy can provide for the lowest paid.

It is, in short, a philosophy which those who feel the psychological need can describe as extreme – far more total in its application than any formula which confines itself to public ownership. In *The Future of Socialism* it was described in terms of the 'distance factors' – the pressures in society which kept Britain a divided and unequal nation. Committing ourselves to their removal – since the promise concerns individual freedom – will not satisfy the little groups of totalitarians who are living like leeches off Labour. Nor will it convince the Social Democrats that they should return to Labour. But it does provide a principle around which most of us can rally. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The last ally

As evidence of Israel's complicity with the unstable Saad Haddad in the Beirut massacre mounts, our special correspondent from Beirut details Israel's relationship with both Haddad's militia and the Phalange

ISRAEL'S INVASION of Lebanon had two aims: the destruction of the Palestine Liberation Organisation and the creation of a Lebanon friendly to Israel. Israel's behaviour during the invasion ensured that the PLO was not destroyed, but strengthened politically. The behaviour of Israel and its Lebanese allies since the Palestinian evacuation from Beirut has now made Jerusalem's dream of a peace treaty with Lebanon little more than a pipe-dream.

The survivors of the massacres in the Sabra and Chatila refugee camps have identified the killers as the followers of Major Saad Haddad, the Israeli backed Christian militia leader of South Lebanon, and, apparently in smaller numbers, militia men of the Christian Phalange party of East Beirut.

Both groups are armed, trained and advised by Israel. Both have histories of appalling violence. Both took advantage of the Israeli invasion to spread their arms across Lebanon. But here the resemblance ends. For the Phalange, the invasion brought a cooling of relations with Israel and moments of intense political embarrassment. For Haddad, it brought new co-operation with Israel and moments of intense euphoria.

Before Defence Minister Sharon admitted that his army had 'co-ordinated' the entry of Haddad's militia into West Beirut, Israel had exculpated the ambitious, unscrupulous Haddad and laid the blame for the butchery squarely on the shoulders of the Phalange. In so doing, it made it inconceivable for the new Phalangist President Amin Gemayel, to make Lebanon the second Arab country after Egypt to sign a peace treaty with Jerusalem.

Israel's initial attribution of blame reflects the deterioration of its relations with the Phalange – a deterioration which began when Israeli tanks rolled into East Beirut in mid-June and surrounded the Presidential palace that Bashir Gemayel, Amin's brother and leader of the Phalangist's 20,000-man militia, Lebanon's largest private army, would have occupied had he not been assassinated ten days ago and Amin elected in his place. One of Bashir's closest aides said the young militia leader was both angered and embarrassed by Israel's arrival on his doorstep. He said Bashir had foreknowledge of the invasion, but had been assured Israeli forces would push no further north than Sidon, mid-way between the border and Beirut.

Although the Phalangist militia men co-operated with Israeli troops on the streets of East Beirut, Bashir personally held aloof, indicating he would not immediately sign the peace treaty with Israel and increasingly stressing his desire for the departure of all foreign troops and reconciliation between Christians and Moslems. As Israel's bombing of West Beirut got bloodier, and international condemnation grew, there was a change, too, in the attitude of the Phalangist militia men on the street. Early in the blockade of West Beirut, strutting, scowling young Phalangists manned the front line of road blocks, ensuring that no drop of water, no crumb of bread, passed into the Palestinian-controlled sector. Israeli officers hovered in the background, happy to say, with a satisfied smile: 'They're giving the orders, not us.'

By the end of the war, roles were reversed and the Phalangists, although continuing to co-operate with the Israelis, made their discomfort clear. Late in July an Israeli soldier stopped our car at a check point on the Beirut-Damascus road, demanding a pass signed by the major in charge. Asked the major's nationality, the Israeli replied: 'Israelian, of course.' Two young Phalangists working with him showed obvious embarrassment with this arrogance and, as soon as his back was turned, produced a rough scrap of paper that got us through the block and into Beirut.

So it came as no surprise when, immediately after the war, Israeli Prime Minster Menachem Begin accused Gemayel of 'ingratitude' towards Israel. When Gemayel was assassinated on 14 September, many within the Phalange party ascribed the killing to Israel's desire to rid itself of a client who was proving too independent and too set on building a strong and united Lebanon which Israel could not easily manipulate.

Begin can claim: 'In Beirut I founded the Palestinian state.'

Papperfoto

IT IS HARD to imagine more of a contrast to Bashir than the renegade Lebanese Army officer Saad Haddad, an unstable man and unsavoury soldier whose men, unlike the Phalange, are usually under Israel's operational control. Far from being embarrassed by the Israeli invasion, Haddad, long since disowned by Lebanon and having no hope of advancement other than under Israeli auspices, embraced it wholeheartedly.

Saad Haddad got his first taste of power in 1978 when Israeli troops withdrawing from South Lebanon handed him a six-mile deep enclave of Lebanese territory along Israel's northern border. Commonly called 'Haddadland' or 'Free Lebanon' by its self-styled commander, the enclave is in fact an extension of Israel: Israel's troops set up observation posts there, Israeli bulldozers widened roads, Israeli troops and tanks moved at will, Israeli money and men maintained Haddad's 2,000 fighters – a ragged collection of Lebanese Christians and Shiites, by far the biggest group in the south and resentful of the large Palestinian presence there.

The border crossing in South Lebanon near Naqoura leaves no doubt as to who runs Haddadland. On one side of the border, a large sign says 'Welcome to Israel'. On the other side the crossing lies deserted. There are no Lebanese officials, no Lebanese controls and no sign saying 'Welcome to Lebanon'. In reality Lebanon only starts where Haddadland ends.

For some three years, as his men built the reputation for brutality, killing and kidnapping, Haddad ran his own little kingdom. He had a grand old time until US envoy Philip Habib negotiated a cease-fire in South Lebanon in July 1981, and peace broke out. In the lull, Haddad lost any role but that of an Israeli puppet and, according to Lebanese officials, fell prey to a deep depression. A few months before the invasion, he was in hospital in Israel and a top Lebanese official says he made three suicide attempts. The official said Haddad went as far as to re-apply for Lebanese papers through the mediation of his sister, a nun, but was turned down because 'the Lebanese government can never again have anything to do with this man.'

When Israel invaded on 6 June, Haddad gained a new lease of life. In the very first days of the invasion, the PLO stronghold of Beaufort Castle near Nabatiyeh fell. Begin flew to the crusader ruin and handed it formally over to Haddad in a scene worthy of a bad B film, extolling him as a Lebanese patriot. As reports spread that Begin would permit Haddad to extend his control to Sidon, 30 miles north of the Israeli border, when Israel withdrew from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lebanon Haddad established a new headquarters in Sidon's requisitioned town hall. He boasted that his forces had grown from 2,000 to 5,000 with another 6,000 queuing up to sign on, and vowed he would not surrender an inch to Bashir Gemayel, then President-elect, unless Gemayel signed a peace treaty with Israel. 'But if things turn out badly and against our wish,' he said, 'we will stay where we are or maybe we will widen our area to cover all of Lebanon.'

With Phalangist support probably lost, unless Amin Gemayel has closer ties to Israel than is apparent, Israel's only remaining Lebanese ally is Saad Haddad – who cuts no ice in Lebanon. It is difficult to see how Israel can now leave Lebanon without losing all influence. In the new circumstances created by Bashir's death and the camp killings an Israeli withdrawal becomes an Israeli defeat.

ANOTHER QUESTION mark hangs over the future of the Phalangist militia-men, now headless but twice as powerful since the election of a Phalangist President. This militia was created in 1936 after Bashir's father Pierre Gemayel returned from the Munich Olympics impressed by the order and discipline of Nazi Germany. The militia under Bashir's leadership committed some of the worst atrocities of the Lebanese civil war, writing the names of Tal Zaatar and Qarantina, if not Sabra and Chatila, in blood. After the war, still under Bashir's leadership, the militia formed the cornerstone of a Phalangist state within a state in East Beirut, a ruthless but efficient society that provided a stark contrast to the filth and lawlessness of West Beirut. Had Bashir survived, despite his civil war record, there was some hope that he and a re-cast, reduced militia might have given Lebanon the strong leadership it so desperately needs. It is far from clear whether the more moderate Amin, who did not always see eye to eye with his brother and lacks his power of command, can control the Phalangists' visceral hatred of Palestinian Moslems and unite Lebanon. Bashir's death came too soon for his new-found moderation to filter down to the grass roots.

The Lebanese army is now expected to be in control of West Beirut by Sunday. A month after the completion of the Palestinian evacuation, old concerns over what would become of the refugee camps in the hands of the Christian officers of the regular army seems risible, given the alternative we have now seen. □

WISDOM RELIGION

A restatement of the eternal truths behind all the world's religions is contained in theosophical literature. It is a comprehensive non-sectarian, non-dogmatic religious philosophy, incorporating knowledge of Nature's inner laws and processes. All serious religious scholars and aspirants should have some knowledge of at least its basic principles.

Write for information to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)

P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

ISRAEL

War crimes

Begin's policies have created a profound moral crisis in Israel – and the strongest argument so far for a Palestinian state reports AMNON KAPELIUK

THE REFUGEE CAMP MASSACRES have thrown Israel into the most serious crisis in its existence. An Israeli newspaper has even gone so far as to declare that 'this was the worst disaster for the Jewish people since the Holocaust'. The initial vigorous attacks by Prime Minister Begin and Defence Minister Sharon at suggestions of Israeli complicity in the massacre failed to impress Israeli public opinion at the time. On the day after the massacre, the main headline in the Israeli independent daily, *Haaretz*, exclaimed: 'War Crimes in Beirut'.

Significantly in a moment of national crisis, the Labour Party has adopted an open campaign to bring down the government. It warned in advance against the invasion of West Beirut. For the first time in many years, outside an election campaign, it is organising a mass rally in Tel Aviv, to express its anger about the killings and its opposition to Begin.

It is no secret that Washington would like to see the return of the Labour Party to power. Its leader, Shimon Peres, has expressed support for Reagan's proposals for a solution to the Palestinian problem.

If Begin wants to remain in power in the face of the storm, he will probably have to find a scapegoat. The most likely candidate is Sharon. But Sharon may try to pass the buck to the Chief-of-Staff, Lieutenant-General, Raphael Eitan, the officer directly responsible for allowing the Phalangists to enter the camps. The massacre has caused inestimable damage to Israel's image and somebody will have to pay.

Some Israeli journalists think that the Israeli officers who knew that the killing was about to occur wanted it to show the sort of thing that might happen if Israel was forced to withdraw from Lebanon. In fact, as the evidence grows that the massacre happened because of the Israelis' entry into West Beirut, the gamble for world opinion (if such it was) has dramatically misfired.

In Israel, the shock can be gauged by the reaction of one demonstrator, Professor Epstein, an 80-year-old Jerusalemite, who told the press: 'I am ashamed to be an Israeli. I am ashamed of what happened in Beirut. It reminds me too much of the Nazis who allowed the Ukrainian fascists to enter the ghetto in order to kill the Jews. I don't understand how this could have happened to us'.

EVEN BEFORE the massacre, Israelis were weighing the pluses and minuses of the war in Lebanon. Defence Minister Sharon, the main architect of the war, has declared it a 'victory'. But the reality is quite different.

The main declared objective of the war was to destroy the PLO as a political force and deprive the Palestinians of their leadership. By achieving these goals, Israel could then more easily impose its own solution in the occupied territories – limited autonomy leading to formal annexation. 'The war in Lebanon is a war for Eretz Israel', Chief-of-Staff Eitan, stated frankly at the start of the war.

The PLO has indeed been dealt a military blow, but a myth has also been created of the Palestinian David who faced the Israeli Goliath. Although forced from Beirut the PLO leadership achieved the credibility to which it has aspired for many years. Never before has the Palestinian problem, in both human and political terms, stood so high on the agenda of the international community. Sharon has thus accomplished in this war precisely the opposite of what he wished.

Beirut only emphasised the necessity of finding a homeland for the Palestinians. When I was in Beirut for five days last month to conduct an interview for *Le Monde* with Yasser Arafat, several PLO leaders compared their situation to that of the Jews after the Second World War. 'We are persecuted refugees and displaced persons', they said. 'Even the Arab countries are not rushing to open their doors to us'. One of my Palestinian interlocutors told me: 'Sharon has a short memory. He has forgotten that suffering and persecution, more than anything else, strengthens the sense of national consciousness and identity'. Begin's opponents in Israel twist Herzl's famous dictum, 'In Basle [where the first Zionist Congress was held in 1897] I founded the Jewish state'. Begin, they say, can now claim, 'In Beirut I founded the Palestinian state'.

In his angry response to Reagan's proposals, Begin declared that the President had handed the prize to the PLO and that his plan was a blueprint for a Palestinian state. 'We gave the US a purified and free Lebanon and the US wants to take Judea and Samaria (the West Bank) and Gaza away from us', he stated.

IT IS BECOMING increasingly clear that Reagan is prepared to confront Israel in order to implement his plan. Therefore, Begin's whole American policy – based on his belief that he had a carte blanche with American support – has collapsed. Israel is now on the verge of a direct collision with the US, a scenario which it has long feared. The replacement of Begin's friend, Alexander Haig, by George Schultz, also a direct result of the war, weakened the pro-Israeli lobby in Washington.

Most worringly for Israel, the war has seriously weakened its main case against the PLO; namely that the PLO indiscriminately murders civilians. In this war, 15,000 Palestinian and Lebanese were killed and 30,000 injured, according to preliminary Lebanese figures. One day of bombing and shelling in Beirut slaughtered more Palestinians and Lebanese civilians than the total number of Israeli civilians killed by the Fedayeen in Israel between the Six Day War of 1967 and the current conflict. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEST GERMANY

Greens change the rules

TONY CATTERALL describes the impact the Greens are making on coalition politics

THE COLLAPSE of Helmut Schmidt's coalition government in Bonn last week has removed a distraction from the important provincial election in Hesse on Sunday. How the Free Democrats fared after this change of coalition partner from the Social Democrats to the Christian Democrats in Hesse was to have been the electoral test that would decide whether they could make the same change of allegiance at the federal level in Bonn.

The ruling Social Democrats in Hesse under Premier Holger Boerner will attract something of a sympathy vote (and voters will desert the FDP), but no-one is expecting that the SPD will be able to stay in power without the help of a coalition partner. As the FDP is fighting the SPD in coalition with the Christian Democrats the only possible partner is the 'Greens' – the loose grouping of environmental and peace-movement activists who are trying to upset the established political system as a way towards a reformed society.

It is, however, only a theoretical possibility. For Boerner, the Greens are worse than the Christian Democrats. He recently told the news magazine *Der Spiegel* that, 'A political group which wants to fight the parliamentary system brings itself near to fascism. It has not learnt from German history.'

His feelings are reciprocated. The Greens' election campaign has virtually ignored the CDU and the FDP. Boerner is the man who ordered the destruction of nearly 1,000 acres of forest for a new runway at Frankfurt airport, who wants to build a third nuclear power station in Hesse when the two existing ones already supply almost 60 per cent of the state's stagnant energy demands, who wants to build a nuclear reprocessing plant. For the Greens, Boerner is Public Enemy No 1. Their federal spokesman, Lukas Beckman, told the *NS* that there was no question of any co-operation between the Greens and the SPD in Hesse so long as Boerner remains its leader.

The last opinion poll before the developments in Bonn could distort the findings showed the SPD had lost 7.7 per cent of its 1978 vote to the Greens. The SPD is undoubtedly suffering from having been in power too long. Its 'natural' working-class constituency is turning away from it, towards the CDU, as is the new middle class. But, as experience in other Western countries has shown, this is nothing out of the ordinary.

Where West Germany differs is that the radical young now have somewhere to go other than to the established left-wing party. More than a year after identifying this problem the SPD still does not know how to deal with it.

One strand of opinion – typified by Boerner in Hesse – sees the Greens as a serious threat to the party's old industrial base and work-ethic values. Federal SPD chairman Willy Brandt and party manager Peter Glotz, however, see the real problem as how to reconcile the interests of the industrial workers with those of the 'post-industrial middle class'.

The problem for the established politicians is that the hard core of the Greens is totally disillusioned with the major parties – and with the political system itself. They bewilder politicians when they do get elected, voting first with one party, then with the other.

When the Greens got the balance of power in Hamburg after elections in June, the pundits speculated on how long it would be before they became 'integrated' into the political system. But for the Greens it is the other way round. 'We want to integrate the established parliamentarians,' said Beckmann: to break the pattern that their hidebound, party-line thinking has forced them into. In terms of a general day-to-day co-operation, no party can count on the Greens.

The Greens are not just another political party, willing to trade influence for one less nuclear power station here, or fewer nuclear missiles there. 'When it comes to existential questions of survival and how to survive and the question of whether this can be done without nuclear power – civil or military – then there can be no compromises', Beckmann continued.

Even the most liberal-minded SPD politicians find this approach hard to understand; but it fills a need amongst a significant percentage of West German youth; certainly a large enough percentage to eclipse the FDP as the country's third political force. □

HONG KONG

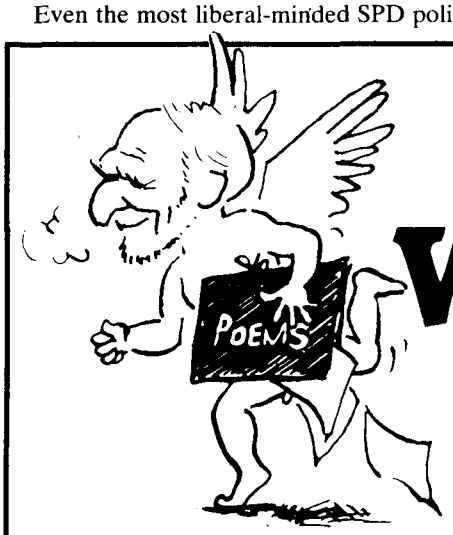
We're there because we're there

PHILIP GEDDES reports on the fear of Mrs Thatcher's imperial delusions

PERHAPS IT WAS just as well that Mrs Thatcher had already left the country before HMS Invincible made its victorious return from the Falklands. Out East they don't appreciate the Falklands spirit that much. It has been the waking nightmare of Foreign Office mandarins that her Falklands victory might tempt Mrs Thatcher into some grandiose gesture of arrogance towards China over the thorny question of Hong Kong.

The future of Britain's most important remaining colony is the major item on the agenda of her talks in Peking. For both governments it is an embarrassment.

History colours both Britain's and China's views. Hong Kong became a British



God's Worried

by Roger Woddis

When a **New Statesman** Weekend Competition called for anagrams of contributors' names, Martin Sherwood came up with a winning entry for Roger Woddis: 'God's Worried'. Hence the title of this collection which covers a decade of Roger's verse for the **New Statesman.**

Invited to join the paper in 1970 by Richard Crossman, Roger has continued every week to provide his acid comments in verse on the world's idiocies. James Cameron writes in his foreword:

> I like writing forewords for Roger's books; to be assembled within the same cover is like sharing a taxi with Swift. He is – almost alone today – in the direct tradition of the 18th-century satirists . . . Roger is a journalist, albeit 20 times more able than most of us – wittier, defter, more skilfully bitter. To be simultaneously sardonic and sentimental is his unique gift.

These poems, parodies or originals, vary widely in theme and form. But they have one thing in common – they are all brilliantly crafted, unsparing in their irony and, above all, supremely enjoyable.

Cover design and illustrations by John Minnion

Publication date: 24 September 1982

Available from good bookshops or direct from Ted Peacock, **New Statesman,** 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1, £2.25 (including postage & packing).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

territory on 20 January 1841, after the First Opium War, as a result of a junior British offical exceeding his brief in negotiations with the Chinese. For Britain, Hong Kong was an incidental fringe benefit in a trade war. The Chinese viewed it differently. Giving away Hong Kong was seen as a temporary act, the result of weakness.

For a century and a half China has sought consistently to reverse that moment of weakness. In 1945, the Nationalist government of Chiang Kai Shek announced that it would accept the surrender of Hong Kong – which had been occupied by the Japanese in the war – on behalf of the Allies. Under British pressure, the Nationalists backed off and allowed the colony back into British hands.

For China, whatever its government, sovereignty over Hong Kong has never been a negotiable issue. Optimists in Hong Kong, including many in the government, have overlooked this basic Chinese position. The point was made forcibly last week by Mr Xiang Nan, a member of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, in an interview with a Hong Kong journal. 'We will insist on China's suzerainty over Hong Kong, while maintaining its prosperity and its status as a free port and world financial centre.' Quite how this was to happen he did not elaborate, beyond the obscure commitment that 'in the handling of Hong Kong's future, China will be very firm and very cautious'.

CHINA'S POSITION on Hong Kong ignores a central factor of Hong Kong's existence: that the success of Hong Kong is almost entirely due to the fact that it is *not* a part of China and not under Chinese sovereignty. Most of Hong Kong's people have voted for the colony with their feet.

Thus in his statement Mr Xiang was forced to add that all residents of Hong Kong, whatever their nationality, will be able to have a hand in its administration. This has been seized on by British officials as a sign that somehow British rule can continue, albeit in a different format.

Already the British government of Hong Kong acts as a kind of sub-contractor, ruling as much on behalf of Peking as London. Formalising that position would end the curiously disconnected feel that British rule has at the moment. As one Hong Kong government official put it: 'Why are we here? We're here because we're here because we're here. That's why we're here.' The British who run Hong Kong know that London is not interested in what happens, provided scandal is avoided.

The result is an insecure administration that seems unsure of its aims. For years the British have taken an easy way out of the dilemma by doing nothing. Governments set a framework of law and did little for the governed. Laissez-faire ruled supreme. But the stresses imposed by a rocketing population and phenomenal economic growth are beginning to tell. Hong Kong's government is now doing more and more to avoid the social breakdown that would come from doing nothing.

Already the Government is housing 45 per cent of the population. By the mid-1980s that will rise to 60 per cent. Massive investments are now being made in education, social and medical services and transport. The headlong growth of public spending in search of solutions to social problems has created a sort of self-justification for British rule. But it is a mistaken one. All the signs are that Hong Kong is becoming a sort of administrative Vietnam, a battle that must be won purely for the sake of winning it. Mrs Thatcher should grasp the nettle of reality: that no central interests of Britain are involved in the running of a far-off Asian mini-state. □

Philip Geddes is author of In the Mouth of the Dragon, *a study of Hong Kong, to be published on 14 October by Century Publishing.*

LIVING SOCIALISM

An evaluation of the 26th Congress of the CPSU

R. Yurukoglu
Iscinin Sesi Publications

From the Communist movement of Turkey – a searching look at economic and social problems in the USSR and some important questions of Marxist theory and practice.

£2 post free from
New Times Books, Dept D
238 Morning Lane, London E9

CAMBODIA

Voting for Pol Pot

Vietnam's foreign minister appears optimistic about a compromise on Cambodia, reports WILLIAM SHAWCROSS

ONE OF THE FIRST tasks of this year's UN General Assembly will be to decide on the representation of Cambodia. In Paris on his way to the UN, Vietnam's foreign minister, Nguyen Co Thach, made it clear that he expects the government installed by Vietnam in Phnom Penh in 1979 to be denied the Cambodian seat yet again. 'More important than the numbers is the fact that countries professing concern for human rights will be voting for Pol Pot. They will have to hold their noses!' he said.

Mr Thach met a small group of journalists, mostly French, last Sunday evening at the Vietnamese embassy in Paris. His message was that a dialogue between Vietnam and its neighbours over the vexed and destructive problem of Cambodia might finally be possible. Mr Thatch, a highly skilled diplomat, seemed both optimistic and conciliatory. He did not suggest what actual form a compromise agreement might take.

It is almost four years since Vietnam overthrew the brutal regime of Pol Pot, and created in Cambodia a government both loyal to Hanoi and more respectful of the rights of Cambodians. Since 1979, with the help of an international aid programme now being run down, a semblance of normal life has returned to Cambodia.

But the Vietnamese occupation has been strongly opposed by most countries, led by China and neighbouring Thailand, which feels threatened by the presence of up to 200,000 Vietnamese troops in Cambodia. Similarly, the UN has refused to legitimise the Vietnamese occupation, and the Khmer Rouge have retained Cambodia's UN seat, despite the claim of the de facto government led by Heng Samrin.

In July the Khmer Rouge, now rebuilt with Chinese arms acquired through Thailand into a force of some 30,000, merged themselves into a coalition with Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the former ruler of Cambodia, and Son Sann, a former prime minister and leader of a small non-communist resistance group. The coalition is cosmetic – the only real power still lies with the Khmer Rouge. But in diplomacy facelifts matter: it will probably encourage a majority of the UN to continue to 'hold their noses' and vote for Pol Pot.

Since 1979 several UN resolutions have called for an international conference to settle the future of Cambodia by diplomacy. At first Vietnam rejected any such idea, saying that the situation was 'irreversible'. But in 1981 Vietnam agreed to the idea of a regional conference, provided China was excluded. Earlier this year, Hanoi accepted the idea of a truly international conference: 'But never with Pol Pot there', said Mr Thach.

Obviously Vietnam would want its government in Phnom Penh to represent Cambodia at such a conference. But Mr Thach did not insist upon this. 'Maybe the other side will not accept it – that should not stop the conference taking place,' he said.

WHAT COMPROMISE is possible? As in almost every one of the last 12 years, the name of Prince Sihanouk is once again being touted as a solution. It is an old and weary tune. But Mr Thach did not dismiss it out of hand. He did say he thought Sihnaouk had committed 'political suicide' by aligning himself once more with the Khmer Rouge, who are loathed and feared by almost every Cambodian who survived.

But in the world of international cosmetics and diplomacy, Sihanouk's decision seems more like a rebirth than a suicide. He will be addressing the UN General Assembly, bizarrely, as Head of State.

In Paris it is said that the French are trying to persuade the Vietnamese finally to do a deal with Sihanouk. There are rumours of discreet contacts, though Sihanouk himself said recently he would never listen to Hanoi's 'siren song'.

On Vietnam's most serious problem, relations with China, Mr Thach sounded almost optimistic. Although China rejected Vietnam's recent proposal for a formal ceasefire along their mutual border, a de facto ceasefire has been in effect for some weeks, he said. Until recently, any suggestion of detente has been denounced in the Vietnamese press as a perfidious Chinese plot. But Mr Thatch spoke hopefully of it. He said the present relaxation was as much due to China as Vietnam. 'One side alone cannot make a ceasefire.' Asked about rumours of a further improvement in relations, he replied: 'Oh yes? It would be good if true.' □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Paul Foot

The learned *Observer* columnist Dr Conor Cruise O'Brien chose a sensitive moment last Sunday to speak up for the Lebanese Phalange. Whoops! There I go, falling into those sloppy habits for which Dr O'Brien rebukes the media. The political party of the Maronite Christians, he points out, dropped the name 'Phalange' in 1949, and chose instead the rather more fashionable 'Social Democratic Party'.

The new name, the doctor complains, 'did not catch on'. People *would* still call them the Phalange. It just won't do, lectures Dr O'Brien. 'Phalange' has nasty undertones of fascism, and you just can't use words like 'Fascist' to describe the politics of the Lebanese Social Democratic Party. Politics in the Lebanon, the doctor assures us (and he's travelled a bit) are really 'local and archaic feuds'.

There's another thing about the word 'fascism' which annoys the doctor. It conjures up all sorts of outrageous images, such as the indiscriminate slaughter of hundreds of unarmed people, including children, in their homes. Quite ridiculous, in the circumstances . . .

○

Friends and family tell me I must not get worked up about Conor Cruise O'Brien, but I reply that I was brought up on him. When he resigned from the Establishment after his engagement in the Congo more than 20 years ago, he wrote with breathtaking clarity and vision. I take down *Writers and Politics*, a collection of essays published in 1965, and find what he wrote about 'the liberal voice' – personified in Adlai Stevenson:

> Adlai Stevenson's face with his shiftily earnest advocate's expression is the ingratiating moral mask which a highly acquisitive society wears before the world it robs. Liberalism is the ideology of the rich; the elevation into universal values which favoured the emergence and favours the continuance of capitalist society.

Nothing better describes the contemporary writing of Conor Cruise O'Brien. I find myself wondering yet again, not without a twinge of apprehension, what *is* it that so consistently blunts the bright challenge of young minds like Conor Cruise O'Brien's in the 1960s. Parliament and Ministries have a lot to do with it. I've yet to find an exception to the rule that people who go to Parliament to change the world end up changing themselves – in favour of it.

○

King Lear had the opposite experience. He found himself out of office, and then he noticed the poor. Faced with a night on the blasted heath, he mused on the 'houseless poverty' of so many of his former subjects, and asked:

> How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides
> Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
> From seasons such as this?

I propose that all aspirants to high office in the Department of Health and Social Security at Oxford should, before they qualify, spend a week in the open during a rainy autumn learning this passage by heart. Perhaps, then, less of them would cheerfully dispatch claimants with instructions to 'sleep rough and come back next week' as they are now doing.

The DHSS and police in Oxford are frightfully bucked with their 'bag' of social security offenders after their famous 'swoop' a couple of weeks ago. Oxford magistrates have been filling up the bursting prisons ever since. In two weeks flat, they managed to send 106 people to jail where they will cost the taxpayer some four times more than their false claims of social security ever did.

○

Meanwhile, in the Isle of Man, accountants are grappling with the collapse of the Savings and Investment Bank. People who had money in the bank are behaving very oddly. Normally, when a bank goes bust, a list of depositor/creditors is published. On this occasion, the depositors have moved heaven and earth to stop publication. They are terrified that their names will come to the notice of the Inland Revenue, who might ask why they have not paid tax on substantial deposits in the Isle of Man.

A 'factor' has now 'bought up' the debts and appears as the depositors' 'representative', so they don't have to be named. This is suddenly all perfectly legal. There will be no trials and certainly no prison sentences for tax evasion. After all, there were hundreds of thousands of pounds lost to the public, not pennies as at Oxford. Old, mad Lear had it right again:

> Plate sin with gold,
> And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
> Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

○

I write this before the Day of Action, so I can only say I hope and believe it will be the best day in the last three awful years. I also hope some crazed employer does take a union to court for 'sympathy' action. Perhaps then the truth about the Tories' attitude to trade unions will come out. Norman Tebbit pretends that he hates unions because they are greedy and selfish. But, of course, as long as they are greedy and selfish, he can tolerate them. His and his party's whole approach is founded on greed and selfishness, so he understands and appreciates both. What he can't stand (or understand) is unions acting *for other people*. Strike for yourself, and that's legal. Strike for others, poorer, less able to strike, and that's against the law. As the old Tory motto has it: An Injury to One is an Injury to One, and as long as that's not Number One, why bother?

Paul Foot writes a weekly column for the Daily Mirror.

ROGER WODDIS

Day of benefaction

'In the wake of this week's performance, there will gather about the fearful figure of the Employment Secretary, Mr Norman Tebbit, a light of pure benevolence.' – Daily Telegraph.

The light of pure benevolence
That falls upon our sainted Norm
Illuminates his commonsense
And keeps the nation's cockles warm.

The needy jobless raise a laugh,
And greedy nurses are despised,
But still, thank God, the *Telegraph*
Demands that he be canonised.

Abused, unhonoured and unsung,
The martyr stands his holy ground,
With pity for the idle young
Who clearly yearn to see him crowned.

The Day of Benefaction breaks,
The years of blessedness begin:
The hungry shall forgo their steaks,
And by his Law be cleansed of sin.

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ A couple were horrified when they found three bats silently flying round the living-room and kitchen of their council flat. So they called in a passing policeman to help to deal with the intruders . . . and he drew his truncheon and waved it in the air to drive them out. But yesterday the battling policeman's actions were criticised by a health chief, Mr Roger Hart. He said: 'It was a ridiculous way to deal with bats.' – *Yorkshire Post* (Bert Lodge)

☐ Deely-bobbers – the glittering, bouncing baubles on wire which are the latest craze in headgear – caused a row in a hospital's X-ray department when all the staff there decided to wear them at once. – *Daily Telegraph* (G. Moor)

☐ A vicar has warned that the release of the new film *Poltergeist* next week could lead to an epidemic of people claiming they are possessed by the devil. And he is preparing to cope with an upsurge in demand for him to use his powers as an exorcist. – *Oxford Journal* (Rebecca Hall)

☐ Mr Slade defended the official fights arranged between boys as a way of preventing injury. He said he had beaten boys on only 45 occasions last term. – *The Times* (Josephine Dollmayer)

☐ The present teachers' salary bill exceeds £8 billion (£8,000 million) a year and the additional £350 million needed to implement the NUT claim was yesterday described by Mr Doug McAvoy, Deputy General Secretary of the union, as 'well worth it.' He said it was 'little more than the price of a pint of beer a week for every pupil.' – *Daily Telegraph* (G. M. Moger)

☐ In Mr Smart's view, the Europe of 1990 will bear a number of striking similarities to that of 1980. – *Financial Times* (Fred Silberman)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Labour & the EEC

Alf Lomas MEP, Richard Balfe MEP, London SW1

We were dismayed at the attack on Labour Party policy and on the party itself made by our Leader, Mrs Barbara Castle, in the article in your current issue and also at a well-attended Strasbourg press conference.

In 1975, the referendum asked 'Do you think that the UK should stay in the European Community?' Mrs Castle campaigned for a 'No' vote. However much she tries to disguise the fact, her article represents a U-turn.

Her new position is dishonest and naive; she wants to remain a member of the Common Market but break all the rules. She asks us to believe that British courts would refuse to uphold the Treaty of Rome if UK companies and financial institutions resorted to law to prevent a Labour government carrying out its manifesto commitments. Spectres of Lord Denning! Is Mrs Castle suggesting that a Labour government would defy its own High Court?

In contrast, the Labour Party is honest. Its position of withdrawal from the EEC endorsed by more than a 6 to 1 margin at the party conference, reflects the fact that the party realises that its socialist objectives cannot be achieved within the EEC.

Many in the labour and trade union movement will question whether Mrs Castle's new position on the EEC is the correct one for the Leader of the British Labour Members in the European Parliament, who should surely be campaigning vigorously in favour of our party policy.

Labour's Programme '82

Margaret Billing, Prospective Parliamentary Candidate for Shipton Constituency, Yorks.

Exactly what is Henry Drucker attacking (*NS* 3 September)?

Programme '82 is, he says, 'tired stuff'. He then lists its major ideas: open government (shades of Benn?), greater local autonomy, national minimum standards in education provision, statutory minimum standards in housing provision, and the encompassing of women's and ethnic minority movements.

As a Labour voter this is exactly what I want to hear and have worked for. Labour intends to use Parliament for these reforms, Drucker says. What should be used? Drucker preaches self-help. The Labour Party has survived on self-help at constituency level; we don't need our party's public urging and the Party knows it.

As for the electoral system, having reformed the Labour Party's internal democracy by removing an MP's right to automatic re-selection, the policymakers surely can be forgiven for now moving on to the heart of politics – serving the people's needs.

I suggest that the Labour Party's policy document, far from being 'tired' is what the ordinary voter wants to hear roundly declared – action at local level on what affects people's daily lives, overseen and protected by humane national government.

Paternalistic maybe, but paternalism can be beneficial.

The dangers of asbestos

Nancy Tait, Secretary, The Society for the Prevention of Asbestosis and Industrial Diseases, Enfield, Middx.

Dr Richard Peto (Letters 10 September) bases his estimate of 50,000 deaths (with perhaps twofold uncertainty) from asbestos-related diseases in Britain during the next 30 years on a figure of 300 mesothelioma deaths a year in England and Wales. Hansard for 9 June 1982 quotes 309 mesothelioma deaths in England, Scotland and Wales in 1976, rising to 434 mesothelioma deaths in 1980. If this figure of 434 deaths had been used, Peto's estimate would have been nearer 75,000 deaths, again with perhaps twofold uncertainty.

Peto also writes that after reaching a peak of 2,000 to 3,000 such deaths a year (plus much disability) the epidemic 'should begin to subside, especially if increasingly strict controls are now imposed'.

The new limits which government proposes to enforce from January 1983 will not protect workers or the general public against asbestos disease, especially cancer. Dr Julian Peto has reported an increase in cancer in a group only employed after dust levels were reduced in the Rochdale factory.

SPAID does not accept that to halve the amount of dust which workers are allowed to inhale will halve the number of cancer deaths. Because SPAID's work shows that cancer, especially mesothelioma, attacks those with slight, short and/or intermittent exposure to asbestos, and that non-smokers and the very fit do not escape, SPAID fears that stricter controls are likely to lead to more, not fewer deaths from cancer.

The people dying from mesothelioma whom we are trying to help at the present time include dockers, electricians, carpenters and roofers working with asbestos cement, oil blenders and workers in the chemical industry, many with very slight exposures to white asbestos. Workers in these occupations have in the past been assured, frequently but quite incorrectly, that their exposures have been too slight to cause asbestos cancers.

If exposures in the asbestos manufacturing industry are reduced as government is now promising, the exposures of workers manufacturing asbestos products are then likely to be similar to those now identified by SPAID as causing cancer among workers using those asbestos products and there will be more, not fewer, cancer deaths among workers in the asbestos manufacturing industry while the new controls will not effectively reduce the cancer incidence among those using asbestos products.

When will researchers, industry, government and the public realise that we are allowing asbestos to kill people, not statistical units?

Today's marxism

Robert Hunter, Treasurer, Bristol West Communist Party, Bristol 6

I'd like to add some comments to Francis Wheen's reasonably fair report (NS 17 September) of the recent controversy in the Communist Party.

It is true that there are many inside the CPGB (and many more outside it) who might think the controversy over *Marxism Today* 'marks the resumption of the struggle' between 'hard-liners' and 'Eurocommunists'. But such an interpretation is at odds with the real politics of many Communists whose positions resist such neat categorisation. Further, these categories encourage a quite damaging polarisation of attitudes wherein the hard-liners are seen as being the more 'genuine' revolutionaries – an anti-reformist 'hard' left – while the 'trendy' Eurocommunists are seen as a bunch of bourgeois reformist softies about to join the Labour Party as a staging post to the SDP.

Seen in that light the article in the current *Marxism Today* might seem a piece of negative anti-unionism, and the section quoted by Francis Wheen might seem to prove the 'hard-liner' case.

But in fact the article takes pains to stress that the 'expense account syndrome' is a *political* problem of industrial organisation and not merely a problem of personal morality among shop stewards and trade union officials. It points to some aspects of union bargaining which *in practice* tend towards the further incorporation of trades unions into the structural priorities of industrial capital. The critical thrust of the article is anti-reformist and raises questions about the necessary socialist consciousness among trade unionists from which an effective challenge, not only against the Tories but against capitalism's priorities, can be mounted.

Publication of the article is fully in line with the Communist Party's commitment to open, agitational politics in the labour movement, pursued so effectively and with much initiative by *Marxism Today*. The magazine is a forum for discussion of revolutionary socialist politics. If that is a 'trendy' attitude, then it's a trend that all of us on the left should welcome and encourage.

Urbane guerrilla

Christopher Hitchens, Washington DC

My review (*NS* 10 September) would have read rather better had C. M. Woodhouse been allowed, in the opening quotation, to refer as he originally did to the CIA/MI6 funding of *Encounter;* these organisations are not known to have had any particular interest in the *Engineer*.

Next month a bigger and better New Statesman

From 15 October, the **New Statesman** will have more pages . . . printed on better paper . . . and a new look.
Free books for new subscribers! From 15 October, we shall be offering a **free book** to UK readers who start an NS subscription before Christmas. Readers will be able to choose from FOUR just-published books at varying subscription rates:

- **This England,** £5.95, a compilation of our famous 'This England' column
- Bretécher's **Frustration,** £3.95, a selection of her most biting cartoons
- **Salome Dear, Not With A Porcupine,** £1.95, hilarious entries from our Weekend Competitions
- Arthur Marshall's **Smile Please,** £6.95, a collection of his delightful NS essays

Low Prints! Our offer of historic prints from Low cartoons of the famous will continue through the autumn.
But the new look **New Statesman** will continue each week to interpret the world's events from an independent Left viewpoint, while continuing coverage of books and the arts.

New Statesman, every Friday, 60p
Be sure of your copy by ordering it from your newsagent or by subscribing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRETECHER

THE OTHER HALF

Before I couldn't have cared less but now I understand what women are on about

just because I'm not actually working at the moment and I don't make the money, I'm the resident maid!

Jerry has this middle-class thing about dirt, so I spend all day polishing

and it has to be a three-course-meal every night or else...

when I see myself with all those women and their trolleys at Waitrose it's a nightmare I mean it isn't real!

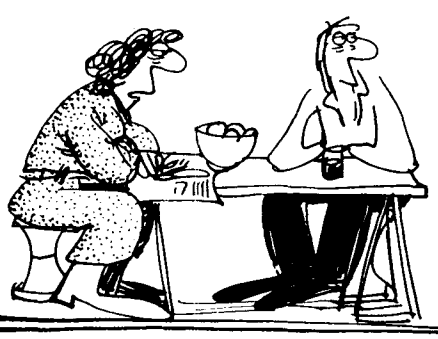
OK, so I'm not that creative right now so I might as well do it but it's hardly satisfying

to be fair looking after the shop isn't that easy either, customers can be a pain, but at least you're meeting people

on top of everything Jerry's getting so bloody demanding... I have to share every little mood every little problem

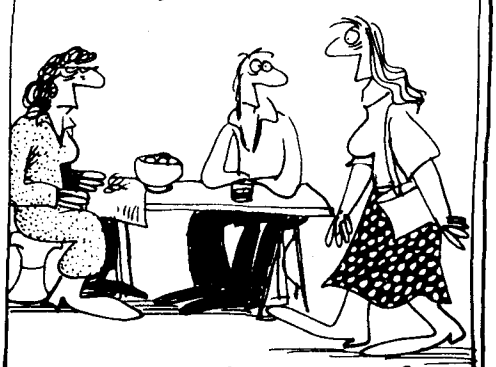
I mean I haven't even got a room of my own where I can get some peace and quiet

don't know how people do it... I mean living together is just impossible



there's Jerry now...

what's for dinner?



BRETECHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slipping scalpel

PETER KELLNER is disappointed by Anthony Sampson's latest study of who wields the real power in Britain.

ANTHONY Sampson is a good writer with catholic interests and a willingness to cock measured snooks at the Establishment. (He readily agreed to give evidence in support of my colleague Duncan Campbell at the time of the ABC Official Secrets Act trial – when a number of other 'distinguished' journalists were finding excuses for not doing so.) In the light of these qualities, the question must be bluntly put: how has such a decent man come to write such a rotten book? It is not as if Mr Sampson has stumbled wide-eyed into unfamiliar territory: this is the fourth version of *Anatomy*, and it appears 20 years after the first. Nor has Mr Sampson been afraid to discard chapters on those facets of British Establishment life that he feels are less important today than they were in 1962. Out go: aristocracy, land, clubs, churches, property dealers, accountants and advertisers. In come: the police, local government, farmers, multinationals and Social Democrats.

Nor does Mr Sampson pull his punches where he rightly observes the powerful and pernicious effect of privilege at work, especially in Britain's oldest public schools:

> Eton and Winchester have shown a capacity to survive which seemed unimaginable in the mid-sixties. Who would have thought that in 1982 they would between them have produced the two top men of the BBC, all five chairmen of the banks, the editor of *The Times* . . .

(and of the *Spectator* and, er, how can I put it, the *New Statesman*)

> . . . the head of the home civil service *and* of the Foreign Service? Can they, it might be asked, really effectively represent the other 99.5 per cent of the people in this diverse country who went to neither mediaeval foundation?

It's perfectly frightful, of course. But a moment's reflection by even the most fevered iconoclast should show that in that passage Mr Sampson is not really landing a well-directed punch at all; he is just flailing around. For each of the men in Mr Sampson's list of Etonian and Wykehamist nobs left school well before the mid-Sixties. The youngest of them, Charles Douglas-Home of *The Times*, left in the mid-Fifties. I am as willing as the next socialist to believe that more recent products of Eton and Winchester are now advancing remorselessly to equally privileged positions. But I should like to see clear evidence; all Mr Sampson has provided is a manifest *non sequitur*.

More indications of flailing around come from Mr Sampson's inadequate attention to detail and facts. Harold Macmillan became Prime Minister in 1957, not 1956. David Steel entered Parliament in 1965, not 1964. When George Woodcock stepped down as TUC general secretary in 1969, he was succeeded by Vic Feather, not Len Murray. In the 1979 general election the Scottish Nationalists did not fall 'from fourteen seats to four' – they fell from 11 seats to two. 'The two-year premiership of James Callaghan' in fact lasted for three years and one month. Today Labour constituencies do not 'insist on reselecting their members every two

years' – they do so once in each Parliament.

I could go on. I shall. The Liberals' share of the vote in 1979 was by no means 'the lowest since 1931': it was the third highest. When Mr Sampson refers to Eton's 'high pupil-teacher ratio' he means the exact opposite: a high teacher-pupil ratio. When the book deals with some recent government-arranged mergers, it is hard to tell whether it is the face of Mr Sampson or Hodder's proof-reader that lurks behind the egg. *Changing Anatomy* tells us that an outfit called DTG is the product of a 'merger between NRB and NEDC'. I asked my wife, who works for Neddy, to explain. 'No, we haven't been merged', she said. 'What I think he means is that the NEB and NRDC merged to form the BTG.' 'I see', I lied.

The most surprising remark in the book was, for me, Mr Sampson's reference to my old college, King's, Cambridge. This, apparently, 'has its own proud tradition of homosexual intellectuals and spies'. The homosexuals I'll concede (E. M. Forster, John Maynard Keynes and others); but *spies*? I always thought that people who wanted to work for the KGB went either to Trinity (Burgess, Philby, Blunt) or to Trinity Hall (Maclean, Nunn May). If King's communists have what might be called a tradition, it is to be rather too open about their faith. I wondered if there were some King's bounder whose name I had missed, or if Mr Sampson knew of a major new spy scandal about to explode? 'Oh dear', he replied, 'I think you've bowled me out.'

Such a catalogue of errors matters in a book like *Changing Anatomy*. It is, after all, offered to us as a neatly-packaged, easy-to-digest compilation of relevant facts about Britain's elites, and does not pretend to supply any profound analysis. If a significant number of facts known to the reader are wrong, what confidence can be placed on other facts – such as the pay of a brigadier, or the foundation date of the Institute of Marine Engineers – with which the reader is less familiar? The known mistakes undermine one of the book's main potential values – as a reliable, if off-beat, work of reference.

There is, however, a more fundamental point about the errors. Sloppy facts suggest sloppy thinking. And, indeed, this is a lazy book. The final chapter, in which Mr Sampson tries to generate connections and conclusions from his earlier, more specific chapters, ends up as a heap of grand, unsupported and often highly questionable assertions, such as: 'By the early eighties, British attitudes to big business had fundamentally changed.' The evidence that exists, such as in employee and general public attitude surveys, indicates that surprisingly little has changed.

Such information is readily available from primary sources to anyone who cares to look. But it is clear from the footnotes that little serious primary research has been done for this book, except for various on-the-record interviews with various VIPs, all of whom remained sensibly uninformative. Otherwise, the book appears to be drawn mainly from secondary sources. Thus when Mr Sampson charts the decline in the number of Labour Party agents, his figures come not from the perfectly accessible Labour Party annual reports, but from a book written two years ago by Stephen Haseler. (At the time Dr Haseler was in the process of being expelled from the Labour Party.) On almost every topic Mr Sampson touches, there exists both primary source information and competent academic analysis. There are few signs that Mr Sampson has disturbed the tranquillity of either.

Instead he has provided us with a re-heated mish-mash of other people's observations, just about plausible enough to feed a dinner-party conversation about (say) bankers or lawyers – provided there are no bankers or lawyers present. Mr Sampson is absolutely right to condemn the continuing amateurism of Britain's various elite groups. But sadly, instead of effectively exposing this amateurism, *Changing Anatomy* ends up merely reflecting it. □

The Changing Anatomy of Britain by ANTHONY SAMPSON *Hodder* £9.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROCK BOOKS: Simon Frith

Dealing in dreams

'THE rock'n'roll business,' writes Gary Herman, 'is all about selling mass illusions', and these days book publishers are as adept at fostering these illusions as record companies. Herman's *Rock'n'Roll Babylon* (Plexus, £4.95) is, supposedly, anti-fantasy, a look behind the stars at the scandals, a catalogue of unpleasantness and pain. What for? Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon* had a point to make about Hollywood's small town respectability, but rock has always paraded its grimy deals.

A cruise through the cutting files might have been interesting if Herman had a moral line on rock success, but he doesn't (and if he did, this disagreeable book – another excuse to print pictures of Marianne Faithfull etc. nude – would hardly be the place for it).

After this, thank goodness for Philip Norman's *The Road Goes On For Ever* (Elm Tree, £6.95), a collection of (undated) musical reports from *The Times* and *Sunday Times*. Norman is such an observant writer, so precise about the physical marks of ambition and failure, that even his most ephemeral pieces are still resonant. He's best on performers who work in commercial by-ways – black musicians and the British show-biz stalwarts whom the pop papers ignore.

The clumsiest passage in Norman's book is his official *Times* obituary of Elvis Presley: such measured prose has no chance against Elvis's steamy appeal. Look instead at Dave Marsh's *Elvis* (Elm Tree, £14.95) and Martin Torgoff's *The Complete Elvis* (Virgin, £5.95). *Elvis* is a photo-collection devoted to Elvis's pre-army beauty, which became, so suddenly, the ideal of adolescent good looks. Marsh adds an eloquently populist celebration of Elvis as American Artist, sorting the musical diamonds from the dross of his LPs, honouring his ambition, his refusal to be bound by the terms of white trashiness.

Torgoff is more interested in Presley's fan appeal – *The Complete Elvis* collects essays on Elvis books and bootlegs, on his films and his doctor, his Southernness and his sexiness. There are Presley fantasies (Lenny Kaye assumes he didn't die; Lester Bangs eavesdrops on his talks with Dylan) and an exhaustive A-Z of Presley facts.

Presley is a luxuriant subject because he focuses so many different cultural issues. In Michael Bane's *White Boy Singin' The Blues* (Penguin, £2.50) he is a moment in the history of US race relations, a character on a musical battleground. Bane writes from an attractively aggressive position – he's a Memphis chauvinist – and his book is interesting in local detail. When he strays outside Memphis, though, his good sense about the complexity of musical connections is sacrificed to the shallower, more familiar rhetoric of exploitation, suffering Southern folk.

For a much more disturbing account of Southern suffering read Nick Tosches's *Hellfire: The Jerry Lee Lewis Story* (Plexus, £4.95 due out in November), the best book on rock'n'roll yet. Lewis's early records were, arguably, more startling than Presley's – rawer, nastier, more agitated, and Tosches explains why. He has immersed himself so deeply in Lewis's life, in its mesh of fundamentalist fervour and dogged materialism, in its knot of racial, sexual, family appetites and guilt, that his writing has its own rock'n'roll rhythm: cadences familiar from Faulkner or Flannery O'Connor become flashy, vulgar, naive. Tosches gets inside Lewis's imagery, understands that his music (in its assertive petulance, its equation of rhythm and sexuality) articulated desires that could not even be thought otherwise. Boys like Lewis and Presley had no cultural tools except music (country and blues, hymns and honky tonk). They didn't read, they hardly spoke, they weren't yet all-American consumers. The same point is made in Robert Palmer's *Jerry Lee Lewis Rocks!* (Omnibus, £3.95), an intelligent supplement to Tosches's *tour-de-force*, adding Palmer's own Arkansas memories.

THERE are dangers in Tosches's empathetic approach, of course, which are apparent in Chet Flippo's claustrophobic life of Hank Williams, *Your Cheatin' Heart* (Eel Pie, £4.99). Flippo claims that 'the reconstructions of Hank's thoughts and his conversations' are based on 'a private collection of the papers of Audrey Williams, Hank's first wife', but he doesn't say what was in those papers, how he used them, and even as a work of fiction *Your Cheatin' Heart* is unsatisfactory. The facts of Williams's miserable life are dug out but they don't make sense of his emotionally precise music, and Flippo's energy is mostly spent on Audrey, who ends up, even in this obsessively misogynist account, the real star.

Meanwhile, for anyone still more interested in fact than scandal: Muff Anderson's *Music in the Mix* (Ravan) is an informative, stimulating analysis of pop music in South Africa (what does it mean to be a white 'punk'? A black 'entertainer'?); Alan Betrock's *Girl Groups* (Delilah, £6.15) lovingly tells the story of early 1960s American pop; John Tobler's and Stuart Grundy's *The Record Producers* (BBC, £6.95) is the book of the Radio 1 series – the tensions and calculations of the studio moment when music becomes commodity. And, finally, two good novels: Joseph C. Smith's *The Day The Music Died* (W. H. Allen, £8.95), the rise of rock'n'roll from a black perspective, has at last been issued here, and, against a background of dire white 'soul', reads more convincingly than ever. Tom Carson's *Twisted Kicks* (And/Or, £3.95), the story of a would-be New York punk musician returning to suburbia, to his ageing high school gang, makes a cruel incision into contemporary American youth culture, into the continuing oppressive force of that old rock'n'roll dream. □

Women of Ideas

And What Men Have Done to Them

From Aphra Behn to Adrienne Rich

Dale Spender

With characteristic energy, humour and learning Dale Spender traces three hundred years of women's ideas. She uncovers not only the ways and words of women, but the methods of men. While men control knowledge, she argues, they are in a position to *take* women's ideas. If they like them, they *use* them; if they don't, they *lose* them. Ambitious and provocative, a book certain to be widely debated and widely read.
9353 5 £11.95

3 exceptional novels

Burning Leaves

DON BANNISTER

Don Bannister's first two novels, *Sam Chard* and *Long Day at Shiloh* were received as quite exceptional books. His new novel, a journey through madness, will establish him as a novelist of the front rank.
9209 1 £6.95

The Facilitators

Or Mister Hole-in-the-Day

PETER REDGROVE

The new novel by 'a sorcerer who entices the mesmerised reader into the realms of magic and imagination. The reader is promptly inveigled into the extraordinary world of the occult by a plainness of approach that is in itself quite uncanny.' – Frank Rudman, *Spectator 9218 4 £6.95 30 September*

Pork

CRIS FREDDI

'Series of link stories about animals . . . studiously unromantic and sharply written; any idea of a return to the jungle as a kind of innocence is quickly dispelled . . . the woodland is as violent as any T.V. townscape.' – Norman Shrapnell, *Guardian*
9230 X £6.95

ISBN prefix: 0 7100

Routledge & Kegan Paul
Store Street, London WC1

RKP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC BOOKS: Andrew Clements

The tip of the iceberg

BENJAMIN Britten's death in 1976 brought in its wake a welter of publications, but only one study, by Peter Evans, has so far essayed a thorough analysis of the entire *oeuvre*, sometimes in exhaustive detail, while the full, authorised biography, from Donald Mitchell, is still some years away. Michael Tippett too has been well served by the industry, a major biographical and musical study is still in preparation. But Arnold Whittall's **The Music of Britten and Tippett** (Cambridge University Press, £24) is the first attempt to draw the expressive worlds of the two most significant British composers of the past half century into a single, unified critique.

The approach is very much the standard academic 'compare and contrast', with the divergence between the methods of the pair becoming more marked as they grew older, Tippett's ever inquisitive, ever inspirational mind leading him into more unorthodox techniques, while Britten's instinctive reserve gave his late works a classical poise, a renewed adherence to traditional values. Whittall carries his fascinating analyses forward in parallel, zig-zagging between the two, and chooses as his main point of contact their differing approaches to extended tonality. Rhythmic procedures, another study in their own right, are largely passed over. Whittall's book will be of value more for its parts than their sum; some of his discussions of Tippett's works especially are more penetrating than any so far published. But his basic attempt to write a combined study seems to me only partially successful.

Deryck Cooke's life as a musicologist was dedicated to the study of another pair of great composers often linked in a publisher's mind, Bruckner and Mahler, though in the years before he died (in 1976) he was working on a major study of Wagner. In **Vindications: Essays on Romantic Music** (Faber, £12.50) a number of Cooke's more extended pieces on 19th-century music are collected, together with a memoir of the author by Bryan Magee. Cooke remains most widely known for his completion of Mahler's tenth symphony. One of the pieces reprinted here is a thorough account of the material for the symphony as Mahler left it. A second essay on Mahler's melodic thinking is a valuable corrective to those critics (largely extinct nowadays) who criticised the composer for his vulgarity and banality. From a purely practical point of view I most value 'The Bruckner Problem Simplified', an utterly lucid guide through the maze of editions and revisions that has confused Bruckner scholarship and more devastatingly Bruckner performance for much of this century. The rest of the book is unfailingly original, often provocative, for Cooke's belief in music as a coherent expressive language, with its own constant vocabulary of harmonies and phrase shapes, is one that is by no means universally shared. Hugh Macdonald's study of **Berlioz** (Dent, £8.95) is the latest addition to the 'Master Musicians' series. Under its new editor, Stanley Sadie, the series has been revamped, with a larger format and an approach to the music which is largely chronological, instead of the old-fashioned discussion by genre. The emphasis on providing a detailed 'life' remains, and sometimes in consequence the musical discussion is abbreviated. Macdonald's book gets the balance almost right, though I would have preferred more extended treatment of, say, the *Fantastic Symphony* and *Harold in Italy*, and some minor, al-

NEW BOOKS FROM MARION BOYARS

THE EGGHEAD REPUBLIC
A novel by Arno Schmidt
"Arno Schmidt had a touch of genius . . . brilliant." – *The Guardian*
£3.95 paper

THE VOICES OF MARRAKESH
A Record of a Visit
by Elias Canetti
Winner of 1981 Nobel Prize for Literature
"The most formally satisfying of his works" – *John Bayley, London Review of Books*
£3.50 paper

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERA
by Audrey Williamson
"A lovable book . . . It will long remain a standard work" – *Book Choice*
£9.95 cloth, *illustrated*

COPING ALONE
How To Be A Successful Single Parent
by Clara Clark
"Single Parents' Lib is here!" – *Daily Express*
£2.95 original paperback

MISS AMERICA
And Other Stories by Don Skiles
"Weird and wild" – *Yorkshire Post*
£6.95 cloth

CRYSTAL VISION
A novel by Gilbert Sorrentino
"Exuberant, unpredictable, funny, ironic, sometimes cruel, often compassionate" – *The Times*
£7.95 cloth

ABERRATION OF STARLIGHT
A novel by Gilbert Sorrentino
"The structure is superb, the writing supple, subtle and precise and the characters infuriatingly credible and human." – *The Times*
£3.95 paper

MARION BOYARS PUBLISHERS
18 Brewer Street, London W1R 4AS

Simon Rae

September bulletin

Impatient for summer to be over,
we watch the rocking-horse descent of leaves.

A fierce rain rattled like gravel at the window
confirms us in a proleptic nostalgia

for autumn's crackling underfoot
and tea with crumpets round an open hearth.

In secluded villages serviced by vans
retired administrators dictate their memoirs;

the new boys' trunks are being unpacked
in prep schools in the South of England,

their contents inspected by Matron
for Cash's name-tapes. No one has yet

been beaten for wetting his bed
or telling a lie. A new season

of adultery opens in the suburbs;
tweed-clad Japanese businessmen

drive a Scottish moor, and
in the self-improving provinces

lonely men in suits worn shiny with expectation
enrol for evening classes

clutching second-hand copies
of *Economics Made Simple.*

On the outskirts of town
'1,000 sq. ft. of Factory Floorspace'

is let to rats and vandals. Seen
from a northbound train, allotments

are busy with the unemployed, while
behind the high walls of desirable properties

gardeners of pensionable age
stoke the smoking armpits of bonfires.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most unknown pieces get only passing mention. The biography, however, is an impressive piece of compression; it is overall a well-judged introduction to the composer.

The emphasis in **Robert Schumann: His Life and Work** by Ronald Taylor (Granada, £12.50) is very much on the man and his times; Taylor is professor of German at Sussex University and his exploration of Schumann's letters and diaries, as well as profound knowledge of the literary background, provides a valuable contribution to Schumann studies and he is not afraid to tilt at some at some widely held beliefs.

Two established series have recently produced new crops of titles. The **Opera Guides** produced jointly by the English National and Royal Operas are a relatively recent innovation but have already proved their worth. The latest batch brings *Pelléas and Mélisande, Falstaff, Boris Godunov* and *The Flying Dutchman* (John Calder, £2 each) into the fold. Each follows the familiar pattern of essays on the opera, followed by a bilingual libretto and a guide to the musical themes, and if the contributions are sometimes uneven in quality generally the standard is very high. Roger Nichols's Musical Synopsis in the *Pelléas* volume deserves special mention, as does Andrew Porter's dissection of the translator's task when faced with Boito's libretto for *Falstaff*.

The **BBC Music Guides** have been going for some years now, and a couple of the recent issues have suggested that saturation has been reached in some areas of the repertory. *Mozart's Serenades, Divertimenti and Dances* hardly justify a volume to themselves, hard though Erik Smith tries (BBC Publications, £2.25), but Mosco Carner on *Hugo Wolf Songs* (£2.25), Stephen Walsh on *Bartók Chamber Music* (£3) and Denis Arnold (*Monteverdi Church Music*, £2.25) provide compact accounts which are handy complements to longer studies available elsewhere. A departure for the series are guides which cover the entire output of a composer rather than confining themselves to a single medium: Ronald Crichton's *Falla*, David Tunley's *Couperin*, and Arthur Hutchings's *Purcell* (£3 each) belie their modest dimensions with full documentation and original research. The Falla title is a particular pleasure; justice is done at last to a minor and distinctive master of 20th-century music.

The serious musical books are but the tip of an iceberg; the mass of second-rate biographies seems to be the real stuff of the publishers' lists. But two titles stand out from the pack, for widely differing reasons. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's **On and Off the Record: A Memoir of Walter Legge** (Faber, £9.50) is an elegant tribute to her late husband, largely fashioned from his own words. Harold Rosenthal's **My Mad World of Opera** (Weidenfeld, £10.95) is deeply embarrassing, the autobiography of the present editor of *Opera* magazine who seems to have done little but attend opera since the age of 13. The idea is numbing, and the book degenerates into a jumble of cast lists and bouts of self-congratulation. When such books appear, one can hardly doubt that there is still plenty of fat left in the publishers' budgets. □

London After the Bomb

What a Nuclear Attack Really Means

Owen Greene and others

Do you believe you could survive a nuclear war? Do you believe what the Home Office tells you in official pamphlets? Do you believe that 'on hearing the all clear you may resume normal activities'? If you do, you will find this book extremely disturbing. It is a straightforward account of the consequences of a nuclear attack on a major city by five research scientists, whose findings create radical doubts about the whole notion of civil defence against nuclear war. £1.95

Short Stories from the Second World War

Chosen by Dan Davin

Dan Davin's collection of twenty-four short stories about the Second World War by people who lived through it, or died in it, displays vividly and movingly the eloquence that the war elicited. Some of the writers are well known – Graham Greene, V.S. Pritchett, H.E. Bates, and Kingsley Amis, for example; all share the capacity to portray people under stress and in danger. £9.50

Laurence Oliphant 1829-1888

Anne Taylor

'The age was awash with oddities. Few of them were odder than Laurence Oliphant, as emerges from Anne Taylor's fascinating biography.' *The Observer.* 'A vivid, balanced biography ... she is to be congratulated on her fishing in the oceans of life and coming up with such a strange catch'. *The Economist.* Illustrated £12.50

Fortune and Men's Eyes

The Career of John Payne Collier

Dewey Ganzel

In 1850 John Payne Collier was among the foremost scholars of his generation. Ten years later he was the object of universal contempt and execration, accused of forgery and theft. This book examines Collier's life and the calamity which overtook it; it concludes that Collier was probably innocent, and his defamation a conspiracy. Illustrated £12.50

Spain 1808-1975

Raymond Carr

Since *Spain* was first published in 1966 there has been a revolution in Spanish historiography. This new edition contains fresh chapters on Francoism, its political system, and the society it sustained. Second edition £19.50 paperback £9.95

Oxford History of Modern Europe

The Sporting World of R.S. Surtees

John Welcome

'Surtees is one of our best comic writers, enjoyable even by those of us who are on the side of the foxes ... Here is a lively and overdue biography and critical assessment of one of our finest sporting journalists.' *The Times.* 'A well-written, unusually perceptive, subtle and short book.' *The Observer.* Illustrated £9.95

Gissing: A Life in Books

John Halperin

Writers' lives are rarely as interesting as their books. The life of George Gissing (1857-1903) is an exception. In this absorbing new biography, John Halperin draws on unpublished letters, the author's diaries, and other private papers, to construct the portrait of a man entrenched in his time, solidly Victorian, yet a precursor of much that was to preoccupy the twentieth century. Illustrated £18.50

A World of his Own

The Double Life of George Borrow

David Williams

'Few of Borrow's bravest contemporaries have wandered so far afield, or been so obstinately adventurous ... David Williams's biography, which is clear, sensible, and well-balanced, should put *The Bible* and *Lavengro* into at least a few appreciative hands.' Peter Quennell in *The Spectator.* Illustrated £7.95

New Oxford poetry

The Flower Master

Medbh McGuckian

'Should not be missed.' Christopher Reid in the *Sunday Times.* £4

Ghosts at my Back

Tom Rawling

'Has the virtues of the best English autobiography – clarity and irony.' *The Guardian.* £3.95

Selected Poems

John Montague

'The publication of this *Selected Poems* is an important occasion.' *New Statesman.* £5.95

Minute by Glass Minute

Anne Stevenson

£4.50 *7 October*

Pea Soup

Christopher Reid

£4.50

Collected Poems of Ivor Gurney

Edited by P.J. Kavanagh £12

Oxford University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Selected autumn and winter books

The books listed below are a selection from those which the publishers hope to issue between now and mid-March. Some prices are provisional, some are not yet known. Titles already announced are not included.

Fiction

MARGARET ATWOOD **Dancing Girls** *Cape* £7.95
LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS **Watchfires** *Weidenfeld* £7.95
GEORGES BATAILLE **L'Abbé C** *Marion Boyars* £7.95
RACHEL BILLINGTON **Occasion of Sin** *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
ANTHONY BURGESS **The End of the World News** *Hutchinson* £8.95
WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS **Port of Saints** *John Calder* £5.95
BRUCE CHATWIN **On the Black Hill** *Cape* £7.50
J.M. COETZEE **Dusklands** *Secker* £6.95
WILLIAM COOPER **Scenes from Metropolitan Life** *Macmillan* £6.95
MARGUERITE DURAS **Whole Days in the Trees** *John Calder* £6.95 & £2.95
LAWRENCE DURRELL **Constance or Solitary Practices** *Faber* £7.95
ZOE FAIRBAIRN **Fruits** *Virago* about £9.95 & £3.95
JOHN FOWLES **Mantissa** *Cape* £6.95
JANET FRAME **Scented Gardens for the Blind** *Women's Press* £3.75
W.S. GILBERT **The Lost Stories of W. S. Gilbert,** edited by Peter Haining *Robson* £6.95
JOHN HAWKES **Virginie: Her Two Lives** *Chatto* £6.95
RAYNER HEPPENSTALL **The Pier** *Allison & Busby* £6.95 & £2.95
PATRICIA HIGHSMITH **People Who Knock on the Door** *Heinemann* £7.50
CHRISTOPHER HOPE **Private Parts** *Routledge* about £6.95
GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD **Rogue Justice** *Michael Joseph* £7.95
BERNARD MAC LAVERTY **Cal** *Cape* £6.95
BERNARD MALAMUD **God's Grace** *Chatto* £6.95
FRANK MOORHOUSE **The Selected Stories of Frank Moorhouse** *Angus & Robertson* £6.95
ELIZABETH NORTH **Ancient Enemies** *Cape* £6.95
CRAIG NOVA **The Good Son** *Bodley Head* £7.50
JULIAN RATHBONE **A Spy of the Old School** *Michael Joseph* £7.95
PETER REDGROVE **The Facilitators or Mister Hole-in-the-Day** *Routledge* £7.95
ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET **Memories of the Golden Triangle** *John Calder* £7.95
TOM SHARPE **Vintage Stuff** *Secker* £7.50
EMMA TENNANT **Queen of Stones** *Cape* £6.95
PAUL THEROUX **The London Embassy** *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
ANNE TYLER **Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant** *Chatto* £7.50
PETER VANSITTART **Three Six Seven: Memoirs of a Very Happy Man** *Peter Owen* £7.95
WILLIAM WHARTON **A Midnight Clear** *Cape* £7.50
A.N. WILSON **Wise Virgin** *Secker* £7.50
MARGUERITE YOURCENAR **A Coin in Nine Hands** *Aidan Ellis* £7.50

Poetry

MARGARET ATWOOD **True Stories** *Cape* £3.95
JOHN BETJEMAN **Uncollected Poems** *John Murray* £4.95
CHARLES BOYLE **House of Cards** *Carcanet* £3.25
GILLIAN CLARKE **Letter from a Far Country** *Carcanet* £3.25
HARRY CLIFTON **Comparative Lives** *Gallery Press* £5.40 & £3
PAUL DURCAN **The Selected Paul Durcan,** edited by Edna Longley *Blackstaff Press* £4.50
PADRAIC FALLON **Poems & Variations** *Carcanet* £3.95
GEOFFREY GRIGSON **Blessings, Kicks and Curses** *Allison & Busby* £9.95
GEOFFREY GRIGSON **Collected Poems 1963-80** *Allison & Busby* £9.95
IVOR GURNEY **Collected Poems of Ivor Gurney,** edited by P.J. Kavanagh *Oxford* £12
PEARSE HUTCHINSON **Selected Poems** *Gallery Press* £5.40 & £3
DEREK MAHON **The Hunt by Night** *Oxford* £4
DUGH MAXTON **Jubilee for Renegades** *Dolmen Press* **£3.60.**
BLAKE MORRISON & ANDREW MOTION (Eds) **The Penguin Book of Contemporary British Poetry** *Penguin* £1.95
PHILIP OAKES **Poems: A Selection** *Deutsch* £5.95
ANNE STEVENSON **Minute by Glass Minute** *Oxford* £4.50

Literary criticism

URSULA K. BARNETT **A Vision of Order: A Study of Black South African Literature in English (1914-1980)** *Sinclair Browne* £15
ROLAND BARTHES **A Barthes Reader** *Cape* £15
NICOLA BEAUMAN **A Very Great Profession: The Woman's Novel 1914-1939** *Virago* £3.95
RONALD BLYTHE **From the Headlands.** *Chatto* £8.95
EUGENE EHRLICH & GORTON CARRUTH **The Oxford Illustrated Literary Guide to the United States** *Oxford* £15
GEOFFREY GRIGSON **The Private Art** *Allison & Busby* £9.95
MICHAEL HAMBURGER **The Truth of Poetry** *Carcanet* £9.95
MADONNA KOLBENSCHLAG **Goodbye Sleeping Beauty: The Female Experience in Fairy Tales and Legends** *Marion Boyars* £4.50
HERMIONE LEE **Philip Roth** *Methuen* £1.95
IAN LITTLEWOOD **The Writings of Evelyn Waugh** *Basil Blackwell* £12.50
CLAUDE MAURIAC **André Breton** *John Calder* £8.95
ANDREW MOTION **Philip Larkin** *Methuen* £1.95
MICHAEL ROBERTS **T.E. Hulme** *Carcanet* £9.95
KEITH SAGAR (Ed.) **The Achievement of Ted Hughes** *Manchester* £30
LORNA SAGE **Doris Lessing** *Methuen* about £1.95
JOHN SPURLING **Graham Greene** *Methuen* about £1.95
WILLIAM WALSH **R.K. Narayan, A Critical Appreciation** *Heinemann* £7.95

Art, architecture & photography

VOLKER BARTHELMEH **Street Murals** *Penguin* £6.95
DAVID BINDMAN **William Blake: His Art and Times** *Thames & Hudson* £12.50
JACOB BURCKHARDT **The Architecture of the Italian Renaissance** *Secker* £25
ERTE **Erté at Ninety: The Complete Graphics** *Weidenfeld* £30
LAWRENCE GOWING **Lucian Freud** *Thames & Hudson* £18
KANDINSKY **Kandinsky: Complete Writings on Art,** *Faber* 2 vols, £35 the set
HENRY MOORE **Henry Moore Wood Sculpture** *Sidgwick* £12.50
DAVID PIPER **The Image of the Poet: British Poets and Their Portraits** *Oxford* £17.50
DAVID PIPER **Artists' London** *Weidenfeld* £9.95
MALCOLM QUANTRILL **Alvar Aalto: A Critical Study** *Secker* £25
PETER SELZ **Art In Our Times: A Pictorial History 1890-1980** *Thames & Hudson* £30
MARINA VAIZEY **The Artist as Photographer** *Sidgwick* £12.95
A.R. WILCOX **The Rock Art of Africa** *Croom Helm* £25
ANDREW WILTON **Turner Abroad** *Colonnade* £16.95

Drama, music & dance

GERALD ABRAHAM (Ed.) **The Age of Beethoven, 1790-1830; Vol. VIII of The New Oxford History of Music** *Oxford* £22.50
DAVID BROWN **Tchaikovsky** *Gollancz* £17.50
RICHARD BUCKLE **In the Wake of Diaghilev** *Collins* £9.95
STEPHEN DAVIS & PETER SIMON **Reggae International** *Thames & Hudson* £8.95
MIKHAIL DRUSKIN **Igor Stravinsky: His Life, Works and Views** *Cambridge* £13.50
HOWARD JOHNSON & JIM PINES **Reggae: Deep Roots Music** *Proteus* £4.95
WILFRID MELLERS **Beethoven and the Voice of God** *Faber* about £27.50

Cinema, television & radio

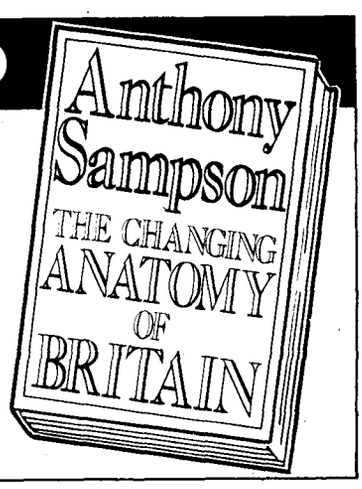
SIMON BLANCHARD, CHARLES LANDRY & DAVE MORLEY (Eds.) **What's This Channel Four? An Alternative Report** *Comedia* £9.50 & £3.50
MICHAEL CIMENT **Kubrick** *Collins* £12.50
PHIL COHEN (Ed.) **It Aint Half Racist, Mum: Fighting Racism in the Media** *Comedia* £7.50 & £2.50
JOHN ELLIS **Visible Fictions: Cinema; Television; Video** *Routledge* about £4.95
CLIVE JAMES **Glued to the Box** *Cape* £7.95
ROBERT PHILLIP KOLKER **The Altering Eye: Studies in Contemporary International Cinema** *Oxford* £15
MARK PEGG **Broadcasting and Society 1918-1939** *Croom Helm* £11.95
BUDD SCHULBERG **Moving Pictures: Memories of a Hollywood Prince** *Souvenir* £9.95
DAVID SHIPMAN **The Story of Cinema, Vol I: From Beginnings to *Gone With the Wind*; Vol II: From *Citizen Kane* to the Present Day** *Hodder* £14.95 each

JUST PUBLISHED

A MAJOR NEW ANALYSIS OF WHO REALLY RUNS BRITAIN

476pp £9·95

Hodder & Stoughton



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRIAN WENHAM (Ed.) **The Third Age of Broadcasting** *Faber* about £3.25

Biography

PETER COWIE **Ingmar Bergman: A Critical Biography** *Secker* £12
JOHN HAFFENDEN **The Life of John Berryman** *Routledge* about £15
CHANDRA KUMAR & MOHINDER PURI **Mahatma Gandhi: His Life and Influence** *Heinemann* £7.95 & £4.95
ROY MEDVEDEV **Khrushchev** *Basil Blackwell* about £9.50
RICHARD NIXON **Leaders: Profiles of and Reminiscences about Men Who Have Shaped the Modern World** *Sidgwick* £10.95
TONY PALMER **Julian Bream – A Life on the Road** *Macdonald* £8.95
DAVID PLANTE **Difficult Women** *Gollancz* £7.95
PETER ROBERTS **Victoria de los Angeles** *Weidenfeld* £8.95
JEAN STEIN **Edie** *Cape* £9.95
EDWARD STOREY **A Right To Song: The Life of John Clare** *Methuen* about £14.95
RUTH TOMALIN **W. H. Hudson: A Biography** *Faber* about £12.50
JUDITH THURMAN **Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller** *Weidenfeld* £15
ALAN WATKINS **Brief Lives** *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
A.N. WILSON **The Life of John Milton** *Oxford* £12.50

Autobiography, letters & diaries

HUGH DALTON **The Political Diaries of Hugh Dalton** *Cape* £25
RICHARD DEACON **With My Little Eye: Memoirs of a Spook Hunter** *Muller* £8.95
GABRIEL FAURE **Gabriel Fauré: His Life Through His Letters,** edited by Jean Michel Nectoux *Marion Boyars* £15
PAUL JOSEF GOEBBELS **The Goebbels Diaries 1939-41,** edited by Fred Taylor *Hamish Hamilton* £12.50
GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON **Lord Byron: One Volume Selection of Letters and Journals,** edited by Leslie A. Marchand *John Murray* £12.50
BRITA LINDBERG-SEYERSTED **Pound/Ford: The Story of a Literary Friendship** *Faber* £25
FRANCOIS MITTERAND **The Wheat and the Chaff** *Weidenfeld* £10.95
LAURENCE OLIVIER **Confessions of an Actor** *Weidenfeld* £9.95
BERNARD SHAW & ALFRED DOUGLAS **Bernard Shaw and Alfred Douglas: A Correspondence,** edited by Mary Hyde *John Murray* £15
STEPHEN SPENDER with DAVID HOCKNEY **China Diary** *Thames & Hudson* £10
LAURENS VAN DER POST **Yet Being Someone Other** *Chatto* £9.50
BEATRICE WEBB **The Diary of Beatrice Webb 1873-1943 Volume I: Glitter Around and Darkness Within 1873-1892** *Virago* about £15

History

FERNAND BRAUDEL **The Wheels of Commerce** *Collins* £17
ANDREW CHARLESWORTH **An Atlas of Rural Protest in Britain 1548-1900** *Croom Helm* £14.95
PHIL EVANS & EILEEN POLLOCK **Ireland for Beginners** *Writers & Readers* £6.95 & £2.95
ERIC HOBSBAWM & TERENCE RANGER **The Invention of Tradition** *Cambridge* about £22.50
EMMANUEL LE ROY LADURIE **Love, Death and Money in the Pays d'Oc** *Scolar* £15
WILLIAM H. MCNEILL **The Pursuit of Power: Technology, Armed Force and Society from A.D. 1000** *Basil Blackwell* about £12.50
MICHAEL OAKESHOTT **On History** *Basil Blackwell* about £9.50
DONALD READ (Ed.) **Edwardian England** *Croom Helm* £12.95 & £6.95
JASPER RIDLEY **The Statesman and the Fanatic: Thomas Wolsey and Thomas More** *Constable* £12.50
R.B. ROSE **The Making of the Sans-Culottes** *Manchester* £19.50
PAUL THOMPSON (Ed.) **Our Common History: The Transformation of Europe** *Pluto* £16.50 & £7.50
JUSTIN WINTLE **Makers of Nineteenth Century Culture** *Routledge* about £14.95

Twentieth-century Britain

ANTHONY BARNETT **Iron Britannia: Why Parliament Waged Its Falklands War** *Allison & Busby* £6.95 & £2.95
DUNCAN CAMPBELL **War Plan UK: The Truth About Civil Defence in Britain** *Hutchinson* £12.95 & £6.95
MARCIA FALKENDER **Downing Street in Perspective** *Weidenfeld* £9.95
TIMOTHY FINN **Knapsworth at War: Stories from an English Village, 1939-45** *Duckworth* £6.95
MARTIN GILBERT **The Coming of War, 1936-1939** (Churchill Companion Volume 5, Part 3) *Heinemann* £65
AUSTIN MITCHELL **Westminster Man** *Methuen* £8.50
JEREMY SEABROOK **Working-Class Childhood: An Oral History** *Gollancz* £10.95 & £4.95
ANTHONY VERRIER **Through the Looking Glass: British Foreign Policy in an Age of Illusion** *Cape* £12.50
FRANCIS WHEEN **The Sixties: A Fresh Look at the Decade of Change** *Century* £8.95 & £6.95

Political & social debate

RUDOLF BAHRO **Socialism and Survival** *Heretic Books* £6.95
MICHELE BARRETT & MARY MCINTOSH **The Anti-Social Family** *NLB* about £12.50 & £3.50
JENNY BEALE **Getting It Together: Women as Trade Unionists** *Pluto* £2.50
TONY BENN **Parliament and Power: Agenda for a Free Society** *NLB* about £14 & £3.50
CHARLIE CLUTTERBUCK & TIM LANG **More Than We can Chew: The Crazy World of Food and Farming** *Pluto* £2.50
ANGELA DAVIS **Women, Race & Class** *Women's Press* £4.95
CLIFF HARPER **Anarchy for Beginners** *Writers & Readers* £6.95 & £2.95
MAXWELL JONES **The Process of Change: From a Closed to an Open System in a Mental Hospital** *Routledge* about £10
RICHARD MINNS **Taking Over the City: The Case for Public Ownership of Financial Institutions** *Pluto* £2.50
ANNA PACZUSKA & SOPHIE GRILLET **Socialism for Beginners** *Writers & Readers* £6.95 & £2.95
LYNNE SEGAL **What Is To Be Done About the Family?** *Penguin*
COLIN THUNHURST **It Makes You Sick: The Politics of the NHS** *Pluto* £2.50
HILARY WAINWRIGHT & DAVE ELLIOTT **The Lucas Plan: A New Trade Unionism in the Making?** *Allison & Busby* £7.95 & £2.95
ELIZABETH WILSON **What Is To Be Done About Violence Against Women?** *Penguin*

Europe

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH **The Polish Revolution** *Cape* £7.95
MICHAEL GALLAGHER **The Irish Labour Party in Transition 1957-82** *Gill & Macmillan* £20
ROBERT MACDONALD **Pillar and the Tinderbox: The Greek Press under Dictatorship** *Marion Boyars* £12.50
KONSTANTIN SIMIS **USSR: Secrets of a Corrupt Society** *Dent* £8.95
VIKTOR SUVOROV **Inside the Soviet Army** *Hamish Hamilton* £9.95
THEODORE ZELDIN **The French** *Collins* £10.95

Third world

ANOUAR ABDEL-MALEK (Ed.) **Contemporary Arab Political Thought** *Zed Press* £17.95
DENNIS BLOODWORTH **The Messiah and the Mandarins: The Paradox of Mao's China** *Weidenfeld* £9.95
MIRANDA DAVIES (Ed.) **Third World – Second Sex: Women's Struggles and National Liberation** *Zed Press* £14.95 & £6.50
ADOLFO GILLY **The Mexican Revolution** *NLB* about £17.50 & £5.95
MOHAMED HEIKAL **Autumn of Fury: The Assassination of Sadat** *Deutsch* £9.95
Independent Kenya *Zed Press* £11.95 & £5.95
EDWARD MORTIMER **Faith and Power: The Politics of Islam** *Faber* £11.50 & £4.95
J.D. PEEL & T.O. RANGER **Past and Present in Zimbabwe** *Manchester* £8.50
AZAR TABARI and others **In The Shadow of Islam: The Women's Movement in Iran** *Zed Press* £15.95 & £6.50

Miscellaneous

PIERS BRENDON **The Life and Death of the Press Barons** *Secker* £8.95
AUDREY HILTON (Ed.) **This England** *Allen & Unwin* £5.95
PATRICK MARNHAM **The Private Eye Story: The First Twenty-One Years** *Deutsch* £7.95
PETER MEDAWAR **Pluto's Republic** *Oxford* £12.50
PETER NICHOLLS **The Science in Science Fiction** *Michael Joseph* £10.95
PIER PAOLO PASOLINI **Essays** *Carcanet* £6.95
NATHALIE SARRAUTE **The Use of Words** *John Calder* £6.95
ROGER W. SPERRY **Science and Moral Priority: The Merging of Mind, Brain and Values** *Basil Blackwell* about £10.50
JOHN WELLS **Masterpieces** *New English Library* £7.95
REBECCA WEST **Selected Essays 1911-1917** *Virago* about £4.95

Social Protest from the Left in Canada 1870-1970

Peter H Weinrich

This select bibliography lists materials published in English and French on social and political protest from all areas of Canada, excluding Quebec. An important reference work for anyone interested in the history of social and political reform.

£48.75

University of Toronto Press
Ely House, 37 Dover Street, London W1X 4HQ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW

Tony Benn

Parliament, People and Power

Agenda for a Free Society

In these interviews with New Left Review Tony Benn discusses the impact of the political experience of the past thirty years on the evolution of his own thinking. He maps the course that Labour must, in his view, now pursue towards a socialist resolution of the British crisis. This is Benn's most comprehensive political and personal statement to date.

£14.00 cloth £3.25 paper

NEW

Michèle Barrett & Mary McIntosh

The Anti-social Family

In this sensitive, but uncompromisingly socialist-feminist work, Michèle Barrett and Mary McIntosh dissect the network of household, kinship and sexual relations that make up the dominant family-form in advanced capitalist societies. Against this they propose some elements of a moral and political practice directed beyond the family towards more egalitarian and caring alternatives.

£14.00 cloth £3.95 paper

NEW

Peter Wollen

Readings and Writings

Semiotic Counter-strategies

£15.00 cloth £4.95 paper

NEW

Adolfo Gilly

The Mexican Revolution

£17.50 cloth £5.95 paper

NEW

Carmen Sirianni

Workers Control and Socialist Democracy

The Soviet Experience

£17.50 cloth £7.95 paper

FIRST ENGLISH PAPERBACK EDITION

Jean-Paul Sartre

Critique of Dialectical Reason

£6.95 paper

NOW IN PAPERBACK

Paul Feyerabend

Science in a Free Society

£4.25 paper

REISSUED WITH NEW COVER

Louis Althusser

Montesquieu, Rousseau, Marx

Politics and History

£3.95 paper

Verso/NLB, 15 Greek Street, London W1

BIOGRAPHY: Francis Wheen

Speaking in a plummy voice

P. G. Wodehouse: The Authorised Biography by FRANCES DONALDSON *Weidenfeld* £10.95
P. G. Wodehouse: A Portrait of a Master by DAVID A. JASEN *Sheldon Press* £10

After the cavalcade of books about P. G. Wodehouse which appeared last year on the old boy's centenary, here come the stragglers. Pretty important ones too: Lady Donaldson calls her biography 'authorised' because Edward Cazalet, Wodehouse's grandson, has made available to her many private papers and has encouraged others to do the same; David Jasen's book is a revised edition of his biography of Wodehouse which was based on interviews with the man himself.

Frances Donaldson writes that 'one cannot record too soon the debt which everyone interested in Wodehouse owes to Mr Jasen', because Jasen elicited from Wodehouse 'all the main facts of his childhood and his career'. In fact, however, perhaps because it was first published in Wodehouse's lifetime, Jasen's book is unsatisfactory. He skips lightly over any episodes which might be embarrassing (the famous broadcasts from Berlin are mentioned almost *en passant*) and far too much of the book is filled with long quotations from letters. It is not so much a biography, more a source book for use by other biographers.

There are also some peculiar mistakes. For example, Jasen writes that if the world was Wodehouse's oyster 'then there must have been a permanent "r" in the month – for he left it alone'. Jasen's ignorance of the oyster season is matched by his shaky understanding of the geography of London. He suggests that Markham Square, in Chelsea, was 'conveniently situated' for Wodehouse to walk to Lombard Street in the City every morning when he was working at the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank.

It is with pleasant anticipation that one turns to Frances Donaldson's 'authorised' biography. But what is this? She admits that she started to read Wodehouse only a couple of years ago, and she goes on to claim that his style of humour 'puts him out of reach of the female sex'. Even if this were true (and it seems to me to be based on several mistaken assumptions about the nature of Wodehouse's comedy), it would not justify the abruptly dismissive way in which she treats some of his books in what is, presumably, meant to be a definitive biography. She especially dislikes three of his non-fiction works, *Over Seventy*, *Bring on the Girls* and *Louder and Funnier;* she suggests, rather ungraciously, that in *Over Seventy* Wodehouse was labouring 'like a carthorse under a heavy load'.

Even more extraordinary is the speed with which she discards Wodehouse's early novel *The Swoop:* 'The only book of the early period in which it is difficult to find much merit is *The Swoop*.' And that's that. No clues as to what the book was about. This is particularly irresponsible of her because *The Swoop* is now extremely rare and many of Frances Donaldson's readers will have to take her judgment on trust. As a matter of fact the novel is rather a good satire on the war hysteria which Lord Roberts and others were encouraging in the 1900s. Wodehouse did not often use satire, but one might expect a biographer to remark on it when he did. (She is also strangely silent on Wodehouse's satirical debunking of Oswald Mosley in the character of Roderick Spode, leader of the Blackshorts.)

IF SHE is ungenerous in her study of his writing, when she considers the man himself Frances Donaldson leans too far in the other direction. She tells us that she agreed to produce this biography mainly because of 'the need to establish the truth of the old, sad episode of his broadcasts from Germany during the war', and, sure enough, a hefty slice of her book is devoted to this subject. 'Plum's critics,' she writes, 'never seemed to wonder what it would be like, after a year in an internment camp, to be in a country where you knew almost no one and could not speak the language.' Fair enough, but this does not explain why Wodehouse failed to stop the broadcasts after he learned of the fuss they were causing in Britain. Wodehouse himself said that he recorded all five talks at one sitting in Berlin and then returned to the countryside, where he remained until after they had been transmitted: 'When I learned about the furore the broadcasts had caused, it was too late.' This is not true, as Frances Donaldson herself points out. Wodehouse returned to Berlin twice after recording the broadcasts. Nevertheless, so eager is she to be kind to Plum that she remarks merely that 'this seems an unfortunate moment for his memory once more to become blurred'. It does indeed.

Frances Donaldson agrees that Wodehouse's broadcasts were 'an extraordinarily stupid mistake', but she adds: 'He may be considered unlucky to have paid for it with what, however sympathetic to him the surroundings, was a lifetime of exile.' Eh? What she means is that he lived in America from the end of the war until his death. But he had also lived there for many years before the war, for the simple reason that he liked living in America. To suggest that he was in some sort of forced exile is preposterous; the lady doth protest too much.

Of course Wodehouse's broadcasts were a stupid mistake (although they were certainly not a wilful act of treason, and they were not Nazi propaganda); and of course he did suffer for them, largely from the campaign of vilification waged by Duff Cooper, William Connor, Quintin Hogg and others. But little lasting damage was done. He continued to produce books which were as funny and invigorating as ever, and they continued to sell in large numbers. It is these which will be his lasting memorial. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARLEM: Charles Fox

Uptown downbeat

Harlem: The Great Black Way 1900-1950 by JERVIS ANDERSON *Orbis* £8.95

'When I first saw it, at Seventh Avenue', Nancy Cunard wrote, describing her arrival in Harlem, 'I thought of the Mile End Road – the same long vista, the same kind of little, low houses.' Similarly, those of us who, slightly later, envisaged Harlem as the most exciting spot on earth, were abashed to discover that the entrance to the Savoy Ballroom looked just like that outside our local palais. In both instances the missing ingredients were the inhabitants: the way they dressed, their sense of style, the music they created, the sheer vividness of what went on in and behind those rather grimy streets.

It was only during the first decade of this century that Harlem ceased to be exclusively white territory. A building boom left landlords with properties on their hands; black tenants, eager to move away from Manhattan's violent West Side, were charged higher rents than whites would pay. By 1930 Harlem had a black population of over 200,000 with more rolling in – from the Caribbean as well as the South – all the time. The fortunes of that black community are charted in this absorbing book – amply documented and illustrated – by Jervis Anderson, a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, where most of this material originally appeared.

In between the wars black was rarely considered to be beautiful by Harlem society – the upper crust of it, anyway. Madame C. J. Walker became a millionairess through marketing an efficient method of straightening kinky hair. When, in 1918, Claude McKay submitted some poems to the *Boston Evening Transcript*, a black critic on that paper advised him to write and send to magazines 'only such poems as did not betray his racial identity'. Not surprisingly, a new generation of writers – Langston Hughes, Arna Bontemps, Zora Neale Hurston – made a point of doing exactly the opposite. They and others became the literary nub of the so-called Black Renaissance of the 1920s.

At street corners Marcus Garvey was advocating black nationalism ('Back to Africa' summed up his message). More practical, perhaps, were the activities of A. Philip Randolph, founder of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. During the Depression that union actually got evicted from its headquarters. Yet in 1941 Randolph's threat to mobilise a protest march of 100,000 blacks resulted in Roosevelt issuing an executive order forbidding discrimination against black workers in the defence industries.

Discrimination, of course, was nothing new, even much closer to home. In the 1920s and 1930s, Harlem night spots such as Connie's Inn and the Cotton Club (that was where Duke Ellington made his name) put on all-black shows, yet admitted blacks as patrons only if they were celebrities or the lightest of light-skinned.

Alongside night clubs selling bootleg liquor stood Harlem's churches – no fewer than 160 in 1930. Many were in shops or lofts or large back-rooms, catering for the poorest congregations, who needed emotional fervour rather than traditional liturgy. Those worshippers provided the huge followings for cult leaders such as George W. Becton, 'The Dancing Evangelist' (he was shot by gangsters in 1933), or, biggest of all, Father Divine, who, just before arriving in Harlem, was tried and sentenced for disturbing the peace, only to have the judge die of a heart attack immediately afterwards ('I hated to do it', said Father Divine).

By the 1950s the optimistic young writers of 30 years earlier were either dead or had moved elsewhere. The wealthy were vacating the large houses on Sugar Hill or the cynically nicknamed 'Striver's Row'. Up-and-coming young musicians like Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker were playing downtown on 52nd Street. Perhaps it was symbolic that the Savoy Ballroom should be dismantled in 1958 to make way for a housing project. True, bands and singers had begun to cost more, but Harlem's social climate had also changed and become chillier. In its heyday the ballroom was so orderly that girls had never been afraid to go there alone. 'Now,' lamented Charles Buchanan, the manager since 1926, 'if you put a kid out, he'll throw a brick and break your window.' □

GENTLEMEN: Paul Binding

Handsome is . . .

The English Gentleman: The Rise and Fall of an Ideal by PHILIP MASON *Deutsch* £9.95

Any examination of the English socio-cultural history of the last 200 years has to come to terms with the pervasive concept of the 'gentleman', one which even today, if from a subterranean position, can exert a potent influence on English responses to issues. Though inextricably associated with the ruling class, the term has never become synonymous with membership of it. Equally inextricably it is bound up with a vision of national identity and destiny; indeed it has time and again been defined against foreign models – against the upper classes of both pre- and post-Revolutionary France, and against the commercial plutocrats of America. Philip Mason has set himself the task of trying to understand what qualities combine to form what he sees as a sub-Christian ideal, relating also to the Courtly Love code and – more overtly – to Plato's *Republic*. He traces the shifts in priorities of what was expected from the ideal's embodiment as Britain ascended to its economic and imperialist heights, and does so principally by looking at 19th-century literature.

Mr Mason's approach to his chosen novels makes his ambitious task the more

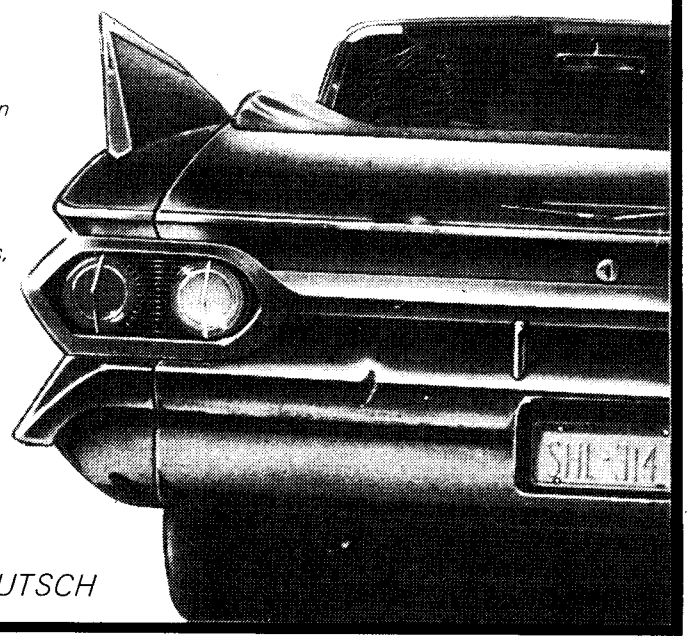
Jan Kerouac

Baby Driver

A STORY ABOUT MYSELF

'An incredibly harrowing and yet joyously alive, finally hopeful female version of "On the Road".'
Jane Gaskell, Daily Mail

'To consider Jan, her picaresque adventures, and her book, is inevitably to include her father. The two, barely acquainted in life, are inseparable now.'
Christopher Reed, Guardian



£6.95

ANDRE DEUTSCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difficult and the less likely to succeed. For the most part ignoring ambivalences in the author's part, indeed often ignoring the authorial voice altogether, he talks about the people of, say, *Vanity Fair,* exactly as if they had known existence in life. It seems an inadequate way of coming to conclusions about English mores and society of over a hundred years ago. And its employment is for me an indication of the general softness of attitude to his subject that informs the book.

For the fact is that Mr Mason enjoys an affectionate relationship to the life of the squirearchy and to those books that feature it which effectively prevents him from making any analysis worthy of the name. Of course he pays lip-service to the truth that the gentlemanly virtues rested on gross inequality in society, but he shies away from what this unequality meant in terms both of harsh fact and of endured human experience. It is far more important to him contentedly to record that charitable attitudes towards the unfortunate were expected of the gentleman. He regrets the philistinism of the ruling classes, but has nothing to say about the devastating effects of this. The morality of the imperialist ideal is never seriously in question, and anyway is later dissolved into a sentimental mist of memories of manfully conscientious Englishmen in India. In the last chapter, contemplating the fractured society of today, Mr Mason treats us to a somewhat bashful eulogy of chivalry towards women and respect for degree (both, it appears, happily still to be found here and there), endorsed by selected personal experiences and his cosy reading of 19th-century novels. This eulogy I found as repellent as it was jejune, unsubstantiated and (involuntarily) arrogant.

Of course virtue undoubtedly resided in both the ideal and the actuality of the Victorian gentleman, but that is no excuse for someone of Mr Mason's proven integrity to contract his vision so that the figure has the hegemony once desired for it.

I also find the appearance of this book a depressing index of certain attitudes all too prevalent in British publishing today. It looks very handsome, full of well-arranged pictures – and the text is bland to match. It is as if we feel that we can change the muddle of reality by the prettiness of an artefact. Or – more sinisterly – as if the interest of the muddle is the saleable artefact that can be made out of it. □

LITERATURE: Geoffrey Thurley

Phallic woman

The Rape of Clarissa by TERRY EAGLETON *Basil Blackwell* £12 & £4.95

We can read *Clarissa* again, says Terry Eagleton, thanks to feminism and post-structuralism. It is now relevant, he argues, because it dramatises the scandal of rape in patriarchal society and opens up the possiblility of a fully feminised social order. Eagleton assumes fixed meanings for masculine and feminine throughout. Women are tender, gentle and considerate (though also narcissistic in a way he approves of); men are brutal, rapacious and domineering.

Aristocracy is treated as historically masculine in contrast to the (feminine) bourgeoisie: bourgeois inwardness and kindness replaced aristocratic militancy in the 18th century. Lovelace is therefore an outdated Restoration rake, brutal and cynical yet also pathetic – an infantile sadist expressing his misogyny 'in the virulently anti-sexual act of rape'. Real sexuality involves 'adult relationship' not only beyond the rapist but quite simply impossible in the patriarchy in which Clarissa and Lovelace live.

Having disposed of all sexual relationships before the age of feminisation (which still hasn't quite arrived), Eagleton provides a hilarious account of Lovelace's inadequate 'love' in terms that are mainly Freudian, though also Lacanian. Clarissa is the 'phallic woman', maddeningly complete, the repository of the lost phallus; the boy's fear of castration is assuaged in the penis-lack of the mother, but he must constantly assure himself of his wholeness by robbing as many women as possible of theirs: 'With this phallus I thee castrate'. Richardson's novel vanishes from this part of Eagleton's book, becoming merely an instance of a general thesis. But Clarissa, it seems, is not only the phallus (the 'transcendental signifier'), she is also the letter, the body, the non-body, and a hole – nothing and everything. (You can get 'a whole' and 'a whore' from 'Harlowe', he smartly observes.) This ontological nuttiness derives in large measure from the linguistic inadequacy of post-structuralism.

Eagleton also makes Clarissa stand for an empiricist language-theory, taking the purpose of writing to be the representation of the real by unambiguous terms. This is what Derrida calls 'closure', and what he imagines empiricism to be about. Lovelace, on the other hand, is a 'post-structuralist precursor' and represents *jouissance* – language as play, disruptive and unpredictable. The novel thus enacts an ideological dilemma: proponent of the new bourgeois moralism (Clarissa's closure', the world of firm values), Richardson is yet outside this ideology by being able to imagine Lovelace's vicious if playful fantasising (the brutal world of aristocratic insouciance and power).

Paradoxically, the brutally masculine aristocrat now emerges as a representative of the feminine, since playfulness is feminine. If Eagleton doesn't seem aware of this confusion it is, I suspect, because his own puritan partisanship leads him to simplify the novel's (and life's) complexities. He won't let us say that Clarissa wants to be raped (rightly, of course: it's an outrageous assumption), but his prejudice about sexuality, allowing no virtue to men and nothing but virtue to women, blinds him to the element of genuine dalliance in the novel. If Clarissa isn't the sly whore of 'cavalier' criticism, she isn't Eagleton's saint either.

He speaks, finally, of *Clarissa* as providing 'damning documentary evidence against a society where the rape of a Clarissa is possible'. But in what society will rape not be possible? The only kind of society he seems able to imagine for women is the kind of all-female friendship prefigured by Clarissa's friend Anna Howe. Eagleton speaks of 'sisterly solidarity'. Elsewhere he speaks of 'human solidarity'; but his book is partisan and divisive.

Men just don't fit the Eagletonian scheme of things. Unfortunately they exist, with their troublesomely moveable parts, creating that 'insurmountable sexual difference' he wearily acknowledges. Rape is monstrous and tragic; but it is not all there is, or all there has been, to relations between men and women, even in patriarchal societies. This is a vigorous and sometimes brilliant book, but the underlying problems it attacks require to be inspected without the sort of dogmatic intensity Dr Eagleton brings to them. □

Autumn selection from Dent

Founding Fathers
The Puritans in England and America
JOHN ADAIR
The remarkable and very readable story of the origins of the Puritans, their struggles and the values they imbibed in school and church as told through their own lives, hopes and fears
Illustrated with 8 pages of black and white photographs **£12.95**

USSR: Secrets of a Corrupt Society
KONSTANTIN SIMIS
Corrupt from top to bottom – from party chiefs in palaces to peasants fiddling for kopeks – this is the picture of the Soviet Union drawn by a former defence lawyer to top underground businessmen. In the first detailed account to reach the West, Konstantin Simis uncovers the vast labyrinth of corruption, blackmail and bribery which riddles the entire Soviet society and economy
30 September **£8.95**

Portrait of Dylan
A Photographer's Memoir
ROLLIE McKENNA
Introduced by
JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN
'Her text as unpretentious and moving as the photographs it accompanies. McKenna has produced an evocative volume'
Publishers Weekly
This remarkable collection of over 100 black and white and 4-colour photographs portrays Dylan Thomas's last years as public and family man, in Wales and in America.
£8.95

Thomas Hardy: Selected Poems
Edited by WALFORD DAVIES
A carefully chosen new selection of over 250 of the finest and most important of Hardy's poems, with a long introduction examining the nature and greatness of Hardy's art
14 October
Everyman Paperback **£2.95**

DENT

33 Welbeck Street, London W1M 8LX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shorter reviews

The Life and Crimes of Agatha Christie by CHARLES OSBORNE *Collins* £9.95

Auden's enthusiastic approval of detective stories is certainly nearer the mark than Edmund Wilson's magisterial, entertaining denunciations were. It is no longer a crime, if it ever was, to enjoy detective fiction. As Osborne puts it, Christie 'must have known that her readers ranged from the near cretinous to the intellectually brilliant. Many, in both categories, were university professors . . .'. Nobody ever read her for the rhythm of her sentences, her wit or still less for political edification. She had none of the style of a Nicholas Blake or an Edmund Crispin, and her success was partly owing to her fecundity: helped by the spread of paperbacks, she became synonymous with crime in the same way that Enid Blyton did with children's fiction.

Statistics, often in conjunction with the Bible and Shakespeare, abound in the surprising number of studies recently devoted to Agatha Christie. Osborne surveys *all* the works but with less elegance than Robert Barnard has done. Inevitably such a proceeding, hampered by a commendable desire not to give away too much, leans on curious facts and the numerous inconsistencies. It must be intended as a handbook rather than to be read at a gallop, for it is repetitive – there are, for example, at least five tart references to Poirot's lamentable French – and its summaries become tedious. There can be little left for Janet Morgan to say in her official biography.

Osborne's descriptions of the novels that one has missed are useful – *The Sittaford Mystery* turns out to be splendid. But only her more outrageous ones, from *Roger Ackroyd* to *Curtain,* remain in the mind. Christie adapted *Bleak House* for television but her own books come closest to literature in their purloined titles, even if Osborne does think that the end of *The Mousetrap* 'comes with all the brutal swiftness of an early Verdi opera'. He even manages to praise her poems; one could also say that they are almost as good as Edmund Wilson's. The book contains 69 photographs which, like most photographs, have a novelty-value but which also push the price up to that of ten of the subject's cosily diverting paperbacks.

Christopher Hawtree

Monet at Argenteuil by PAUL HAYES TUCKER *Yale* £15

Monet was 31 and beginning to make a good income from his work when he went to live in Argenteuil. He remained there, with his companion Camille Doncieux and their young son Jean, from 1871 to the end of 1877 and there are over 170 paintings from these years. Paul Hayes Tucker's book sets out to correct the standard view of Monet's Argenteuil period, which is roughly speaking that, while continuing to develop the formal vocabulary of Impressionism, 'Monet pursued with even greater vigour the fleeting effects of nature and the vagaries of visual sensation'.

Argenteuil was a popular and progressive suburban town equally proud of its long history, its idyllic setting by the Seine and, since the coming of the railway in 1851, its increasing industrialisation. Fifteen minutes by train from Paris, its population had almost doubled in the 20 years before Monet's arrival and it had become besides, for Parisian day-trippers, a great centre for the new sport of boating: 'Boating meant Argenteuil and Argenteuil meant boating.' For Monet, according to Tucker, the appeal of Argenteuil was in its dual role as a new industrial town and a still unspoilt rural retreat. He could turn one way and paint an idyllic stretch of riverbank or the other and paint the new railway bridge, with a train puffing over it. He could show a contorted old street or a straight new boulevard with street lamps; a yellow field dotted with poppies and a row of new houses opening on to it; a path through a vineyard and smoking chimneys on the horizon. Above, all, he could paint the boats, either to emphasise the tranquillity of the scene or to point up its liveliness.

But as time went on, Monet's interest in the progressive side of Argenteuil waned. He chose the tranquil views and withdrew into nature. In 1879 he moved to Vétheuil: 'It had,' writes Tucker, 'no industries, no railroads, no pollution, and no Parisian pleasure-seekers.' Whether or not one is entirely convinced by Tucker's thesis, his book is indispensable to any lover of Monet's work, if only because it provides a new way of looking in detail at paintings which have become slightly vague through overfamiliarity, and it is handsomely and copiously illustrated.

John Spurling

The Magic of Woody Allen by DIANE JACOBS *Robson* £6.95

Until 1977 Woody Allen made disjointed, funny films. In them he himself played short, diffident Jewish characters who, Chaplin-like, usually won out in the end. Since 1977 he has made serious films in which he often plays a short Jewish comic writer who usually loses out in the end. Such is the burden of Diane Jacobs's essay. She is primarily concerned with her hero's personality, but her critical judgments seem sound and she is clearly familiar with all his material, including much that is little-known in this country. There are good summaries and well-chosen quotations; and she has interviewed her subject at length. From this interview it emerges that Allen has a reverence for other film-makers bordering on plagiarism, and that his comic and serious work forms a single body. Just as the message of his masterpiece *Annie Hall* is that love fades, so, at the end of *Bananas,* a character remarks, 'They may live happily ever after – again not'.

Ms Jacobs's prose is tough going, especially when she is considering Woody Allen the comedian. Where he was merely being funny about serious things, she sets herself the harder task of writing seriously about humour, explaining for instance that 'Allen goes into the seventies more provocatively conflicted than he was in the mid-sixties . . . his moral and career and comic-versus-serious choices are now compounded by a fundamental artistic tension . . .' Some of this pretentiousness falls away when she comes to look at the more recent films. They, by contrast, seem in danger of embodying just the kind of pseudo-intellectualism Allen himself had previously ridiculed. In *Manhattan* Isaac remarks, with apparent solemnity, that the things that make life worth living are 'Groucho Marx, Willie Mays, the Second Movement of the Jupiter Symphony . . . Tracy's face.' I preferred Allen's Sixties self-parody: 'When I see a girl that beautiful I want to cry, or write a poem, or jump on her'.

The book has some interesting things to say about 'Allen's art'; but though one New York reviewer suggested that 'only his analyst could possibly know Woody Allen as well as Diane Jacobs', it is clearly Woody who knows Woody best. Among all the theorising his own explanation of why he turned from humorous writing is admirably straightforward: 'Comedy is impossible if you can't do it, but it's no big deal if you can.'

John Scotney

Tax Revolt

Something for Nothing in California

by David O. Sears & Jack Citrin

A tax revolt almost as momentous as the Boston Tea Party erupted in California in 1978. Its reverberations are still being felt across the States and at the federal level.
This book is an in-depth study of this most recent and notable taxpayers' rebellion, when the people of California, speaking directly through referenda, redirected their state from an intense and expensive concern for the welfare of its citizens to a far more circumspect role. The authors (both of the University of California) consider a variety of questions and partial answers: the self-interest of certain groups, the apathy of others, the role of party affiliation, the spectre of symbolic racism, the meaning of mass mood surges and the interplay between class politics and symbolic protest. August 1982, £15.75

A General Theory of Exploitation and Class

by John E. Roemer

How can exploitation and even class division occur in socialist societies? The question is not merely embarrassing for Marxists and socialists. It is also a deep puzzle for economic theorists.

In this original and powerful work, Roemer proposes a general theory of exploitation which provides a framework for expressing any form of exploitation (feudal, capitalist or socialist) in a standardized and explicit way, thus permitting a clear comparison of different ethical conceptions. The book also contains a formal theory of class formation and a major theorem relates the two key characteristics of a person in a given economy, his class position and his status as exploiter or exploited. Roemer shows that the general theory of exploitation can be viewed as the formal translation into economic language of the theory of historical materialism. July, £19. 25

Obligations

Essays on Disobedience, War and Citizenship
by Michael Walzer
£4.90, paperback

HARVARD University Press

126 Buckingham Palace Road
London SW1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION: Lewis Jones

Airport

The President's Child by FAY WELDON
Hodder £6.95
For Special Services by JOHN GARDNER
Cape £6.95
Progress of Stories by LAURA RIDING
Carcanet £7.95

The President's Child is a feminist novel; it is addressed to the sisterhood and it is about men giving women a hard time, conspiring to do them in. Fathers, husbands and sons, bosses, politicians and shrinks; they're all shits: 'He did what he wanted . . . the way all men do.' But it is also, as its title suggests, a parody of the 'airport' novel (written about and, usually, for money: banking or politics, expensive women and ingenious violence). The combination of genres is an audacious one, interestingly extreme, and it makes sense: after all, men give women a hard time in airport novels as well as in feminist ones. Is this unlikely marriage, if you will excuse the metaphor, a successful one?

The story is told by a blind woman called Maia to her female neighbours in Wincaster Row, Camden Town. They live in 'an island of privilege in an under-privileged city sea'; they are professional people, most of them working in the media. Maia speaks for them, as well as to them: 'We are not perfect, here in Wincaster Row. We are not entirely rational or entirely noble or entirely forgiving . . . But we are kind to our children, and each other; the struggle for self-improvement is assumed, and with the improvement of the self the improvement of the world.' Ms Weldon sympathises with such people (she is, I suspect, one of them) but is nonetheless able to make jokes about them, rather after the manner of Posy or Bretécher:

> I have a neighbour, Hilary. She is a feminist and she has a little daughter, only three, who will creep into my bedroom and use my cosmetics, if we take our eyes off her for a moment. She sidles up to men and rubs against their legs, as a female kitten might.

The story she tells is about Isabel, a woman who used to live in Wincaster Row. Isabel was brought up in the outback of Australia by her eccentric mother. Her father deserted them when Isabel was a baby. The men in that part of the world drink Foster's, kick dogs and tread on flowers: they are not kind to women, regarding them as 'flesh to be parted and speared and vanquished'. Isabel leaves Australia for England, attaching herself to a series of rich men. She becomes a successful journalist. She tricks her way on to the maiden flight of Concorde (one notes the feminist irony), and it is here, appropriately, that the 'airport novel' begins. She finds herself sitting next to a handsome man called Dandy Ivel, who, as it happens, has been chosen by a group of rich men as a future President of the USA. They fall in love; but Dandy's 'people', especially Pete and Joe, his two 'goons', disapprove of the liaison (they think Isabel is 'an insult to the sweet name of womanhood' – not a suitable First Lady) and manage to break it up. Isabel returns to England and bears Danny's child, a boy. By the time he is six, the boy has become imperious and difficult and the spitting image of his father. Dandy's people have been keeping an eye on Isabel. They think it's time to act.

The novel, then, is an ironic combination of complementary conspiracy theories. The 'airport' parody is both funny and relevant; the feminism is not mere agitprop (it is acknowledged that men may be kind and that women may be unkind); Ms Weldon combines them effectively. But the novel is rather slapdash. This is reflected in the details. Here she is on feminism: 'Here and now, sisters. Here and now. Build your houses strong and safe, love your children, and die for them if you have to and try to love your mother's, who didn't.' This kind of thing can only be described as crass.

For Special Services is a *real* airport novel, unimaginative and badly written. It is a successor to *Licence Renewed*, itself a successor to Fleming's series of pot-boilers. James Bond is a consumer durable, a machine. We first meet him, naturally, on an aeroplane: 'His mind was in top gear, his body poised, wound tight as a spring.' Violence sets him in motion; with SAS back-up, he routs an attempted hijack. The hijackers, the deadliest professionals in the business, turn out to be stooges of Blofeld, head of the deadly SPECTRE. Bond follows a deadly trail and saves the world.

Since Fleming there have been Deighton and what might be called the School of Greene (Le Carré, Volkoff), who have used the spy metaphorically, to debate politics, philosophy and even theology; Bond is as dated as Biggles. Gardner's attempts to update him meet with partial success. He can manage the machines (Bond drives a Volvo instead of a Bentley; the technology with which Blofeld threatens the world is more sophisticated); but not the people. Bond is accompanied on his deadly mission by Cedar Leiter, daughter of his old CIA buddy Felix. Cedar has lovely breasts but she is a feminist. Never mind. She is soon won over by Bond's deadly charm: ' "I'll warm that pretty little backside for you." "Oh, promises!" giggled Cedar.' Deadly.

Progress of Stories is also old-fashioned; but it has the excuse that most of it was written during the Thirties. In her preface to this, the second edition, Laura Riding attempts to 'relieve the appearance in a new time of an effect as of an honorific unveiling of antiquities'. But, as the preface, like the rest of the book, is written in pure Thirties purple, she does not succeed. She asks her reader a question: 'Does not everything hold together of itself, each story and length possessed of an inner reasonableness of step-by-step narrative, what it becomes as whole welling out of what was incipiently accumulated for progress to a finish?' No. I found these stories horribly self-conscious and full of pretentious and inane whimsy. They are like this, only longer: 'See, I am a story. Here I go. Look! Beauty is Truth. Time is relative. Aren't I good? I'll stop now.' □

FILMS: John Coleman

Country matters

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (AA) *Warner 3; Cinecentu; Classic, Oxford Street; ABCs, Bayswater and Fulham Road*
A Little Night Music (AA) *Curzon*
Pictures (A) *Gate, Bloomsbury*

It sounds like a working title that somehow got left on. But reason won't allow of such inadvertence. So what did lie behind it? Arrogance? Apprehension? Both states are certainly in evidence in Woody Allen's **A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy,** and not just as fleetingly expressed on the alert sheep's phiz of its writer/director/actor. The whole piece is spasmodic, with little moods, none of which lasts for long or asks to be taken with any great seriousness. If the ghost of Ingmar Bergman may be felt as passing (as has been suggested), it clearly isn't the Bergman who got a dubious homage in *Interiors; Smiles of a Summer Night* would be nearer the mark and even there the connection is pretty tenuous, likely if dwelt on to mislead into easy disparagement. No, the more one tests the crude-seeming, broken-backed title against an experience of the strange, wistful and callous film, the more accurate and suggestive an encapsulation it becomes. Hell, it's poetically precise, describing the constant confrontation of glamour and magic with contemporary wry humour, near-bleak statements of fact. 'What's wrong,' says husband to wife, 'is we have a bad sex-life. It's very simple.'

Around the turn of the century three couples spend a weekend in the country in upstate New York to the lushly romantic accompaniment of a lot of Mendelssohn. (This unabashed pouring on of music inevitably recalls the nostalgic-ironic use of Gershwin songs in *Manhattan.*) There is José Ferrer as a pompous philosophy professor and all-round genius, the white-bearded Leopold, bringing along his imminent bride-to-be, frizzle-haired, fey but uninnocent Ariel (Mia Farrow, at moments an unexpected ringer for Diane Keaton at her impressionable scattiest). A handsome, lecherous doctor, Maxwell (Tony Roberts), too much given to enunciating 'Marriage is the death of hope' as if he – or even, alas, his scriptwriter – means it, escorts his latest pick-up, healthily randy and explicit nurse Dulcy (Julie Hagerty) from his hospital. Their hosts are Andrew (Woody Allen), a part-time inventor currently into man-powered flying machines, and his well-meaning but sexually turned-off wife Adrian (marvellous Mary Steenburgen): this couple's queasy quarrelling takes on an edge of jealousy when Adrian swiftly twigs her husband has had prior – if not carnal – knowledge of wispy Ariel. As Allen/Andrew bumbles deeper and deeper into confessional fibs, she complains of a headache. 'You just *had* a headache,' he points out, peeved. As the six (or sextet) pair and re-pair, wandering round Gordon Willis's lambently photographed outdoors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mia Farrow and Woody Allen

(woods, a brook, a lake, an entire unpopulated early morning interlude with flora and fauna dwelt on in pre-Fall purity), heart-unpackings become the done, sometimes overdone, thing. No sex for six months, Andrew tells an incredulous Maxwell. 'Because of my problem in bed with her, I can now fly.' He can, too, though off-screen crashes are common. Assignations bloom in the erotic weather; he generously flies Ariel, pedalling frantically, to a rendezvous with Maxwell; they go high, high over the trees in long shot. Next seen, they are crawling out of the lake.

Even rationalist Leopold fancies a last pre-marital fling with Dulcy, who has strayed over to watch him at a chess-board, admitting 'I like the way the stallions look'. Knights, he mutters, then makes a date: 'You're quite attractive and you radiate a certain raw energy'. Before the end, this overweening fellow is to participate reluctantly in a kind of seance round another of Andrew's inventions, a Spirit Bowl or Ball, which gleams, revolves and summons up glowing images of an embracing couple far off by the brook. Leopold's reason holds out against these, true apparitions to the rest. But the beast in him, picking up a previous reference to Neanderthal Man, is to out when he draws blood, winging the wrong chap with an arrow; an unleashed Leopold ravishes a delighted Dulcy and suffers for the ecstasy. The close, which finds a round astral light floating up from that tinkling, exploding globe, also carries his voice over, with a magical farewell message or benison. Other lights swim out to join the first. Our revels now are ended, you might well say. (Wrong play, of course.)

How you say it will depend on whether Woody Allen's precarious and deliberately flimsy structure stands up, this conscientious attempt to have the iced cake of enchantment, of artifice, and crumble it, too, with the old fly Allen spoofing. Reconciled with his Adrian, dreamily issuing from the barn after love-making ('that was a deeply religious experience'), he can't resist the metaphor: 'Forgive you? I could *ordain* you . . . The way I feel tonight, I could heal people.' Those who find a lot of this movie attaching might ruminate on the coolness lent by some highly skilful camerawork: not merely an unusual number of long shots, but the offhand way people are addressed before they come into view, the everyday distance of familiarity as Andrew and Adrian converse out of view across their bedroom while we listen, gaze at the furniture, peaceably wait for them to stroll on.

Harold Prince's rather dreadful 1977 filming of Stephen Sondheim's **A Little Night Music** only gets the camera and cutting right once, aptly enough in a stirring, guest-converging rendition of 'A Weekend in the Country'. Not even a tubby Liz Taylor can wreck the indestructible 'Send in the Clowns', but what happened to that other show-stopper 'I Shall Marry the Miller's Son'? Few smiles of a summer night here. The New Zealander Michael Black's **Pictures** uses the contrasting careers of two real-life 19th-century photographers, the Burton brothers, to underline the cruel official policy towards the Maoris. Some fine fragments, but the static approach recalls the posed pieties of well-meaning TV dramatisations for schools. □

TELEVISION: William Boyd

Tidal wave

LAST Saturday evening the weather was beautiful. It was very warm and sultry, there was a faint breeze, and the sky above was the palest of washed-out blues. Who, I thought, who the hell is going to watch television on an evening like this? What is going to drag people back indoors away from this almost miraculous late summer bonus? *The Late Late Breakfast Show* (BBC-1) or *Game for a Laugh* (LWT)? In a pig's ear, friend. But they do, or they must, and if the received wisdom is anything to go by both these shows are designed to be an even more hypnotic lure. You make your choice, you sit down and switch on and that's it – stuck with that channel for the rest of the night. What makes the whole enterprise yet more astonishing is the fact that both shows are so bad – just plain awful. *Game for a Laugh* has plundered *The Generation Game, Candid Camera* and *That's Life* and come up with a ghastly mix of audience participation gaffes, whimsical film items and highly artificial-sounding banter between four of the most potently irritating comperes yet to grace the screen. Top marks go to the gangling Matthew who pretends to be a little boy all the time. In a desperate, scrambled attempt to provide some competition, the BBC have roped in Noel Edmonds and come up with a slightly more adult version of *Swap Shop*. Edmonds doesn't set your teeth grating like the *GFAL* four but he's all at sea in a real ragbag of a show: a couple of groups, a truncated transatlantic interview with the tiny supervisor from *Taxi* and another Candid Camera number.

There is an alternative of course – provided by BBC-2 – and on the day in question it couldn't have been more pertinent. *The Future of Television* was an intriguing studio debate, chaired by Ludovic Kennedy, on the blessings or perils of the coming 'tidal wave of visual publishing': cable TV. The debate was preceded by a film of Richard Hoggart out-doing Cassandra in his predictions of fragmentation, declining standards and new social divisions in the country, all to be brought about by the 30 or so channels that cable will eventually provide. Hoggart's main fear is that cable will impoverish and diminish our Public Service Broadcasting as 'majority taste' items are steadily sold off to the highest bidders who, in Hoggart's opinion, will inevitably be the cable channels.

He was roundly disagreed with by a panel of interested parties, including a TV director, a merchant banker and Jonathan Aitken MP, all of whom thought he was going far too far with the doom and gloom. What would be the advantages of deregulated cable channels? Diversity, openness, more talkback and, said the merchant banker, a 24-hour weather channel. This dreadful prospect alone should be enough to prevent the over-enthusiastic greeting of cable and to stimulate further debate, which at the moment hasn't really entered the public domain. Much of the alleged consumer demand for the new channels is based on the boom in video recorders, though I suspect that this isn't an ideal measure of popular taste. Trust the people to choose their own TV was the main burden of the argument against Hoggart. It's a double edged concept however: the British are doggedly resistant to having things thrust upon them, especially if they originate across the Atlantic, as everything from skateboards to CB radios demonstrates. If nobody subscribes then it simply won't happen, no matter what governmental backing cable receives.

The main problem about the arrival of cable as far as I can see is its tendency to produce low-budget dreck and the corresponding lowering of taste that such an unrelieved diet appears to bring with it. It has happened in America, but will it happen here? Correspondences between the two countries are notoriously hard to establish and indeed tastes are more often than not wildly dissimilar.

Several noxious examples of this were – again fortuitously – served up in *Clive James on Television* (LWT), where James introduced segments of truly appalling American TV shows. We saw *The People's Court,* where the plaintiff, the owner of a randy pooch, claimed a stud fee from a neighbour whose dog had been boffed by the canine Valentino. We saw a lot of very unpleasant self-styled ministers of religion wringing syrup from their Bibles. We saw a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

couple of nude chat shows, male strippers, more God slots, and a sobbing diet expert who told his studio of bouncing fatsos – despite the terrible evidence to the contrary – that they were 'really beautiful'. It was all valuable evidence for Hoggart's case, but, in between the winces and the agreeable feeling that at least we're not as bad as *that*, it was worth reflecting that we don't always get things right. *The Late Late Breakfast Show* and *Game for a Laugh* apart, someone had decided that it would be a good idea if there was a studio audience on hand to laugh at Clive James's jokes. This was a serious error because it drew unwelcome attention to the fact that, although James may *write* very amusingly, he doesn't *sound* very funny. His voice is all wrong for delivering his own material, it makes everything sound laboured and flat, with the stresses and emphases dully insistent. This tone – it's nothing to do with his accent – marred what is arguably his most successful documentary, *Clive James and the Cover Girls* (LWT), which had a welcome repeat this week. Write the material by all means, but get someone else to read it out.

All this debate about television has given the ads for Steven Spielberg's *Poltergeist* unexpected impact: 'We'll never look at TV the same way again. It knows what scares you.' There's plenty of that about to be sure, but good old Public Broadcasting does know how to beguile as well, as the first episode of *Smiley's People* (BBC-2) illustrated: intelligent, nicely elliptical, perfectly acted and beautifully filmed – cable TV will have a lot to live up to. □

THEATRE: Benedict Nightingale

Double lives

The Importance of Being Earnest by OSCAR WILDE *Lyttelton*

W.H. Auden is at the Bush, his early life ably evoked by a lookalike called Mark Wing-Davey, and should perhaps also be in the Lyttelton programme, since he saw more clearly than most the central contradiction of *The Importance*. It was, he wrote, 'the only pure verbal opera in English', because in it Wilde subordinated

> every other dramatic element to dialogue for its own sake and created a verbal universe in which the characters are determined by the things they say; and the plot is nothing but a succession of opportunities to say them.

And yet Auden found some of the playful patter disturbingly real and resonant. He couldn't hear Algie talking of the imaginary invalid, Bunbury, without thinking of Wilde's excuses when he slipped off to the male whorehouse which destroyed him. And the ending put him in mind of a 'nightmare pantomime transformation scene', in which never-never Hertfordshire turned into the Old Bailey and Lady Bracknell became Mr Justice Wills.

In other words, Auden saw the play as a coded confession, and might without undue fancy have gone further. When Algy says that 'a man who marries without knowing Bunbury has a very tedious time of it', he isn't speaking only for Wilde and the distinctively gay Nineties. Nor is John Worthing when he admits inventing a *louche* younger brother whom he piously condemns when he's the country JP and actually becomes when he's on the razzle in town. The vast number of female prostitutes plying their trade in *fin-de-siècle* London tells its own forlorn tale. How many seemingly sedate husbands were living double lives? How many Ernests were impelled by public morality to pass themselves off as earnest, and how many of the earnest forced by unmentionable itches to become Ernests on the side? The title is more than a pun. Wilde adds an 'a', makes an equation, and reveals his play's theme. Earnest equals Ernest: the inimitable algebra of Victorian hypocrisy.

Yet that subject is only glancingly visible beneath the artifice. Spotting it is like diagnosing something deep and intestinal inside someone wearing a surcoat of paste diamonds. And this creates quite a problem for a director. How much humanity can he inject into characters who, as Auden suggests, often seem the merest excuses for Wildean apophthegms? The opportunities offered the players are confusingly different in kind. The line, 'the suspense is terrible, I hope it will last', reveals something about Gwendolyn's skittish, wayward temperament; the line 'I never travel without my diary, one should always have something sensational to read in the train', is simply a laugh-hungry *bon mot*, irrelevant and indeed inappropriate since at the time Gwendolyn is emphasising that she's a respectably engaged girl. It's usual to dismiss the poor notice Shaw originally gave the play as the result of deafness or even envy; but others, too, must have felt 'tickled or bustled' rather than 'moved' to laughter by a Wilde whose brilliance is often 'mechanical'.

Indeed, I suspect the first-night audience at the National sometimes felt that way. Its laughter came in hiccoughs, with barren patches between them, and seemed to be at its heartiest when someone managed to live rather than dazzle. For instance, Paul Rogers makes a surprising amount of Canon Chasuble's discovery that the reprobate Ernest isn't dead after all. His hands and face twist in hilariously well-meaning indecision, as he wonders precisely what balance of joy and dismay is warranted. Yet the famous wrangle between Gwendolyn and Cicely goes for less than expected, partly because the genteel malice provided by Zoe Wanamaker and Elizabeth Garvie is too muted, but also partly because the scene is, as Shaw suggested, a somewhat inhuman Gilbertian rip-off. It was, surely, no accident that the audience audibly perked up at the re-appearance of a Lady Bracknell who was being played in a markedly more 'real' way than usual.

Not that I was altogether enraptured with Judi Dench's performance, splendid actress though she is. While it's perfectly permissible to hint that Lady Bracknell is something of a social *arriviste*, it's surely presumptuous and distracting to imply that she's slightly in love with her nephew, Algy. This becomes, I suppose, marginally more plausible given that Dench's version is 45-ish: a more likely age (again I suppose) for someone who assumes that marriage, and presumably motherhood, occurs at 18 or so. Yes there was, I found, a yawning credibility gap. Accuse me, if you like, of being brainwashed by theatrical tradition and Edith Evans in particular; but the lines Wilde gives Lady Bracknell convince me that she's much more senior than Miss Dench makes her. I'm not talking of the celebrated 'A handbag?', which is adequately enough served by the quietly, almost blankly aghast tone we get here: rather, of the ringingly imperious rotundities the character must enunciate. They are custom-built for the mouth of a majestic old monster, and on a younger tongue sound improbably overweight, like marble columns on a hearthrug.

But even if the crisp, brusque assurance Dench brings to the part isn't compensation enough for the impervious grandeur it demands, her performance indicates how long and hard she and her director have thought about the play

Indeed, the relative carefulness of Peter Hall's production is evident from the very start, which instantly distinguishes between leading men sometimes presented, not just as unknowing brothers, but as spiritual Siamese twins: Nigel Havers's Algy, openly feckless and a bit Bohemian; Martin Jarvis's Worthing, whey-faced and bespectacled and so seamlessly respectable it would take an X-ray to detect the playboy beneath. And yet the problem remains. How to reconcile the words of the subtitle, 'a trivial comedy for serious people'? How to make the unreal real, the verbal credible, without succumbing to muddle? How to ensure that the fun comes from lines that genuinely express character without thereby distorting the play? How to integrate Wilde the virtuoso wit with the Wilde who behind it all, saw, felt and suffered? □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2738 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Accounts, please, of the visit of the Pooters to the Macbeths, the Bracknells to the Oedipuses, the Archers to Dallas, or vice versa, or similar. Max. 120 words; by 8 October. And entries for 2737 by 1 October.

No 2735 **Set by John Sweetman**

Explanations of the overheard remark, 'It's the last thing you'd expect of a goat, especially when Bob's so keen on Handel.'

Report **By Jerry Mander**

Oh beamish contributors! A weary, dreary day toiling in the wastes of the Complex has been lifted, redeemed even, by the evidence of your ever (or, at least, recurrently) fresh springs of ingenuity. So delightfully devious are your mentalities, and hence your explanations, that mere accounts of goats called Bob chewing up Handel records, however elegantly phrased, stood no chance. Eight green notes to each winner and my humble thanks to you all.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Excuse me, can you direct me to where I wish to go?'
'There are very few gerbils in Wales, but the three-legged dog still walks.'
'The lady will not play alone, for the corn in Kaluga is not yet ripe.'
'If tomorrow is Friday, then straight lines will converge.'
'It's the last thing you'd expect of a goat, especially when Bob's so keen on Handel.'
'No, it's when Bob's so keen on Bach.'
'Sorry.'
'That's all right, old chap; it's bloody difficult remembering these random sentences. It would be a damn sight easier if they just gave us badges saying, "I am a spy".'

V. ERNEST COX

tshoo . . . it was midnight, y'see, raining too, hence this too, hence this cold . . . tshoo . . . the black candles were burning and Elsie was strapped naked to the ceremonial slab . . . tshoo . . . but as Bob raised the knife above the goat . . . it suddenly broke free and raced to the slab and began . . . tshoo . . .taking terrible liberties with poor helpless Elsie . . . tshoo . . . We were astonished. It's the last thing you'd expect of a goat. Especially when Bob's so keen on handl . . . tshoo . . . handling the animals beforehand to check that they won't be difficult . . . tshoo . . . But that ruined the ceremony . . . tshoo . . . especially since Elsie then decided that instead of sacrificing the goat . . . tshoo . . . we should give it to her to keep . . . tshoo . . . as a pet.

EWAN SMITH

Lyn: You know why we get on. We're both virgins!
Helen (taken aback); Well, er . . .
Lyn: Your birthday's September, isn't it? By the way, where's Bob tonight? I'm really into bulls.
Helen: He's gone to the *Messiah*. He doesn't like parties . . .
Lyn: Typical Taurean!
Helen: . . . and he didn't want to bump into Vanessa. She's just thrown him out because he criticised her choice in wallpaper.
Lyn: Wow! What's her sign?
Helen: Er . . . Capricorn, I think.
Lyn: That's amazing! They're gentle, forgiving people – not at all vindictive.
Helen: She also burnt all his clothes and smashed his entire collection of Handel's oratorios.
Lyn: Jesus . . . That's the last thing you'd expect of a goat, especially when Bob's so keen on Handel!

PETER NORMAN

One has to plunge into the internecine murk of the metropolitan musical underground for this eavesdrop's provenance. The reason why Sebastian Agaute (whose self-regard would make Hans Keller appear the very epitome of shrinking modesty) savaged Bob Melisma's latest 'Primeval Music Consort' disc (their performances have ravished early-morning listeners to Radio Three for about – it feels – the last 300 years) *despite* Bob's sturdy championship of Seb's Handel-in-the-original-notation Subscription Concerts is that Bob, perhaps a shade unwisely, mentioned it to Julian, who passed it on to Miles, who naturally confided to Belinda, who just happened to say to Howard, who, as Seb's side-kick, obviously straightaway told *him* that he (Bob that is) suspected that, while editing a Buxtehude chorale, Seb had actually once gone as far as to . . .

JONATHAN FERNSIDE

FIRST PERSON

Corinna Adam

Mrs Do-as-you-would-be-doneby

ONE OF Kingsley Amis's most nerve-racking characters is George in *Ending Up*. He is the hemiplegic old man also afflicted with nominal aphasia – the extreme version of having a word on the tip of one's tongue. In George's case, he uses circumlocution, talking for instance of a break-in:

> So they hit him with a tightening-up affair and the iron business for the fire and so on, and took the money in what he was wearing and how you tell the time and even his smoking stuff . . .

George recovers and maddens his companions with his rediscovered fluency; it is marvellous black comedy, but not quite what one finds on the geriatric wards known with grim euphemism as 'long-stay'.

Since the textbooks which rule my life seem always to have been fiction rather than fact, it may also be some hidden memory of that most terrifying of childhood influences, Mrs Doasyouwould-bedoneby, which led me most uncharacteristically to volunteer for an afternoon's work in the local geriatric hospital. That, and the chance that a friend – high-spirited after a recent party given by Another Weekly – remarked inaccurately that I was 'Good with People' and why didn't I do something about it?

I thought the Organiser would be a tweedy, hearty, churchy archetype. Molly turned out to be a pretty young Scotswoman with a book about Lenin next to her typewriter. Nasria, the social worker, was clearly an Indian film star working undercover; the speech therapist looked like a mixture of my elder daughter and the late Grace Kelly. 'One of the things you'll find,' said Grace, 'is that the old women are much more difficult than the men, forever fussing and bitching and screaming. The old gentlemen seem to cope much better.' Why? 'I don't like thinking about it,' said Grace, endearing herself to me instantly, 'because the implications are so frightful.' One of the reasons seemed obvious; when I am toothless and hairless and out of my own control, girls like Molly and Nasria and Grace will surely make me vicious.

To my guilty relief, I was assigned to a group of five men – a discussion group. John, their previous Wednesday person, had landed a teaching job at last. Grace would much rather have found another man so they could 'talk about sport and things'; but for some unknown reason scarcely any unemployed or retired men apply. (Perhaps they have the same archetype of the bossy organiser that I had; perhaps I am already turning into Her.) But Ron and Giovanni, James, Vincent and John are polite men, and make the best of what I often feel is an intolerable intrusion. Will *I* want to play word games, to be impertinently asked my age on my last birthday, or what day of the week it is, by an untrained stranger watching to see if my mind's working?

Giovanni knows the answers to these idiot questions perfectly well and they make him impatient. In fact Giovanni is just the kind of person whose memories I'd like to tape (one of the problems is remembering that, on the ward, I'm not a journalist). He was a cellist till arthritis and deafness conspired against him, and catches me out on, say, questions about the respective dates of Stradivari and Amati. Irredeemable arrogance: because he is 91 and in a dressing-gown I assume I know more than he does, even on his own subject.

The place smells of incontinence, which I expected; and of finality. We all really know that no one leaves here except in a box. The saddest bit, for me, is the sudden, apparently random plea from one of them to be taken home. The nurses usually interpret this as meaning 'back to bed' and I hate it, but what am I to do? In any case, the other inmates cope: they tell the speaker to shut up.

Giovanni is a tease. This week, after we'd been through the hospital menus, I suggested inventing fantasy meals. This may have been a bad idea and probably I'll be in trouble next week, if Ron or James say either mistakenly or mischievously that they were promised caviar. Giovanni says he's bored with caviar, he had far too much of it when he was playing in St Petersburg before the Revolution. This anecdote made my day but didn't go down at all well with the others; I shall probably be reminded next week not to have favourites.

The most difficult part is not when John, who has the face of a mad baby, wheels himself contemptuously away; nor James's bitterness; it is when Vincent tries and tries to say something and I can't understand. Giovanni knows, but isn't telling – he wants to chat about Kerensky. The beautiful Grace has gone off to be married and there's no one to ask. Vincent comes from Leeds (at least I think that's what he said) and has no visitors. I am lost, in particular and in general.

I wonder whether to renew my EXIT membership, impulse-bought four years ago when my father died; I wonder whether my daughters will keep their promise to kill me if I'm unable to remind them of it. To cheer myself up, I replay a *Monty Python* sketch about old ladies zooming about on motorbikes and mugging teenagers. I'd like to end up as aggressive as Daisy, in the women's ward on the floor below. Daisy is a 'problem' because she has the only electrically-powered wheelchair. In it, she terrorises the others; she sometimes even alarms herself. There's talk of giving her a boring old hand-propelled model. Before Grace deserted us, she was fighting that plan with all her considerable cool charm. I wish I could do it – for my own sake. Mrs Doasyouwould-bedoneby was the worst kind of Victorian prig. But when I grow up, you see, I want to be a Hell's Granny. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-405 4911/2/3
Deadline for ads – Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** £1.60 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.20). First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7 per single centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21). **Special rate for charities** – £6 per s.c.c. (min. 3 s.c.c. – £18).
– **Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation.**

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to:
CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ.
Telex – 28449.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No . . . at the above address.

Appointments

CHIEF EXECUTIVES DEPARTMENT

Policing Camden: Head of Support Unit

£12,228-£13,416 inc. London Weighting and car allowance

We believe strongly that our own local community should have a say in the policies and practices which dictate the way it is policed.

Consequently we intend to appoint a person who can advise the Council on the development of policing policies and who, as head of a dedicated unit, can put those policies into practice.

The job will involve extensive contact with all groups and agencies who are directly or indirectly involved in policing issues – local community groups, the GLC, Council members and officers, and the police themselves.

The overall objective will be to indentify and analyse key issues and areas of policing policy, and to concentrate the work of the unit's members on developing those policies in detail. We will expect the person we appoint to work closely with his or her unit colleagues, to the extent of sharing the clerical and administrative workload.

Commitment to the ideals which have led to the creation of such a role will be our principal consideration. A practical knowledge of English criminal law and police procedures will be more important than any formal qualifications, and direct experience of social-political campaigning and involvement with community groups would be valuable additional assets.

Application forms and further details from and to be returned to: Departmental Staffing Officer, Room 207, Town Hall, Euston Road, London NW1 2RU. Tel: 01-837 9988 (Ansafone) quoting reference number 1A/92/NST. Closing date: 8 October, 1982.

CAMDEN
An equal opportunity employer
Applicants are considered on the basis of their suitability for the post, regardless of sex, race, marital status or disablement

HOUNSLOW COMMUNITY RELATIONS COUNCIL
in conjunction with
COMMISSION FOR RACIAL EQUALITY
require a

COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER

(COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT)
AP 4 – SO 1 – £7,620-£9,216 (incl) (under review)

To be responsible for community development, implementation of policies and projects to promote equality of opportunity in the housing and social services spheres. The appointee should have had extensive experience of community development work in a multi-racial area, knowledge of local and central government and relevant agencies. Degree or equivalent qualifications desirable.
Contributory pension scheme
Further details and application forms, returnable by 12 October, 1982, from the Senior Community Relations Officer, Hounslow CRC, 1 Treaty Road, Hounslow TW3 1DX. Tel: 01-570 1168 (ask for Heather Turner).

PERU: CIIR PROGRAMME CO-ORDINATOR

readvertisement

CIIR recruits experienced personnel at the request of Peruvian organisations, to offer training in basic skills, particularly in agriculture and health.

The Peru co-ordinator administrates CIIR's programme from Lima – maintaining contact with a wide range of non-governmental groups in Peru, and assessing their requests for CIIR personnel within both local and national contexts. The co-ordinator also provides administrative and professional support for CIIR project workers.

Candidates should have either a sound knowledge of Latin America or good Spanish, as a basis for taking on this post. They will also need experience of administration and, preferably, of community development work.

The 2 year minimum contract includes basic salary, insurance, air-fares and other allowances. Joint applications to share this post are welcome. Starting date: Feb. '83. For further information, please send your CV and a large (A5) SAE, quoting ref. NST/4, to:

CIIR
CIIR Overseas Programme
22 Coleman Fields
London N1 7AF

SOUTHWARK UNEMPLOYED CENTRE

CENTRE ORGANISER

AP4/5 – £7,509 to £8,379

To work under policy guidance of a coordinating committee, including the local unemployed group and the Trades Council, and with the support/supervision of the local Council for Voluntary Service.

This post will be in a team of 3-4 full-timers and 2 part-timers eventually. It is expected to bring in management areas such as administration, finance work, as well as general community work with the unemployed. Experience in the trade union and labour movement or community work is essential. Funding from the G.L.C. and the local council.

For details apply to:
Vanessa Sheldon, S.C.V.S., 135 Rye Lane, London, SE15.
Tel. 01-732 9777
Closing date: 13 October 1982

ADULT EDUCATION WORKER IN COMMUNITY PROJECT

Experienced literacy and/or ESL teacher wanted to join team in community bookshop, adult education centre and local publishing project.

Salary: **£7,452 p.a.**

Send large s.a.e. to:

THE BOOKPLACE
13 Peckham High Street
London SE15

Closing date: **13 October**

CHRISTOPHER PRICE MP
needs an
Experienced PA/Secretary
to work at the House of Commons
Please ring
01-219 3437

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Studentship

UNIVERSITY OF ASTON IN BIRMINGHAM

TECHNOLOGY POLICY UNIT
SERC CASE STUDENTSHIP
CPSA AND NEW TECHNOLOGY

Applications are invited from graduates with a good Honours degree to carry out research under the above scheme leading to the degree of Ph.D. in the Technology Policy Unit. The project will be carried out in collaboration with the Civil and Public Services Association (CPSA) and will study the implications of new technology for trade union policy. Applicants should have knowledge of computer systems. A background in science and technology policy, industrial relations or work organisation would also be useful. Apply with details of qualifications and experience, giving names and addresses of two referees, as soon as possible to:

Dr Fred Steward, Technology Policy Unit
University of Aston, Birmingham B4 7ET
Tel: 021-359 3611 Ext. 4425

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Appointments Wanted

BA, ALA, male, 38, worked in East and West, interests words, children, photography, Third World equality, seeks career with purpose and creative challenge. Box 4784.

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE (32), seeks contracts or part-time employment. Experience of personnel, marketing, sales, systems and programming. Anything considered. Tel. (0580) 891082.

ECONOMICS GRADUATE seeks interesting position. *101 Alexandra Ave, S. Harrow, Middlesex HA2* 8PX.

NATIVE GRADUATE teaches Spanish: business, GCE, everyday. Also translating. Tel. 01-455 2339.

Holidays/ Travel

REGENT HOLIDAYS
WINTER '82-'83

ALBANIA
Two holidays based in Tirana, 22-31 Dec. and 29 Dec. to 7 Jan., £270 each.

CUBA
Tour of the country from 4 to 22 Feb. £645.

EASTERN EUROPE
Individual and specialist arrangements throughout Eastern Europe.

VIETNAM
Tour of the country from 4 to 26 Feb., £1,300.

ETHIOPIA
Tour of the country from 18 Dec. to 1 Jan., £830.

OTHER DESTINATIONS
Iceland, Greenland, Faroe Isles, China, Turkey and Turkish Cyprus.

REGENT HOLIDAYS (UK) LTD.
13 Small Street
Bristol BS1 1DE
Tel: 0272 211711

MOSCOW BY TRAIN 3-13 Nov. £165
(FOR THE OCTOBER CELEBRATIONS)
INCLUDES 5 days with full board and full sightseeing programme.
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

ERFURT, WEIMAR, EISENACH, 8-12 Oct. £90
INCLUDES half board at Interhotel Erfurt and full programme
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

AIR TRAVEL PLAN provides you with the cheapest fare to most cities in Europe and Worldwide. Tel. 01-734 3551.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe Street, London, E17. Tel. 01-520 7911.

Insurance

INSURANCE ADVICE. Any type. Half commission to your charity/organisation, etc. Redcliffe Brunel, 205 Avonmouth Road, Bristol BS11 9EG. 0272 (STD) 827575/6.

Poetry

POEMS INVITED for Poetry Competition. Cash prizes. Adjudicator Howard Sergeant MBE. Closing date 8.10.82. Send SAE: Josephine Austin, 80 St Helen's Road, Hastings.

Printing

COMMUNITY PRINT
Tyneside Free Press Workshop
is an established workers' co-operative specialising in work for
TRADE UNIONS & LABOUR MOVEMENT
DISARMAMENT & COMMUNITY GROUPS
POETRY & LITTLE PRESSES
High Quality
Design, Typesetting, Print & Finishing
Contact: Andy 0632 320403
5 Charlotte Square, Newcastle NE1 4XF

Secretarial

REAMS OFFERS
a reliable, professional typing service for
SCRIPTS, MANUSCRIPTS AND REPORTS
Layout and design specialists
Call Clare Henville
01-381 0139

QUALITY typing. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

TYPING, FAST and efficient. Please telephone 01-272 4381.

Political Publication

Marxism Today
Theoretical journal of the Communist Party
Price 65 pence. Published monthly

OCTOBER issue includes

FOCUS: Joseph's Education Strategy/Northern Ireland Assembly/Tories and the F.O.
FEATURES:
Eric Hobsbawm: The state of the Left in Western Europe.
Kenneth Leech: Is the Church moving left?
Andre Gunder-Frank: The Atlantic Alliance in Disarray.
Steve Iliffe: Health care – a headache for the Left?
Peter Hain: Prospects for Labour
Channel 5:
Interview with Hugh Jenkins/ Wren's reputation

plus reviews, letters and notes

SUBSCRIPTION RATE FOR ONE YEAR:

INLAND: Individuals £7.80, Institutions £10.40. OVERSEAS: Individuals £10.40, Institutions £13. Make cheque/PO payable to Central Books Ltd., and send to: Central Books, 14 Leathermarket, London SE1 3ER.

LISTINGS
Social/Cultural Radical/Arts Political
24 Sept-2 Oct

SEND DETAILS to: NS FREE LISTINGS at least 7 days in advance

FRI 24 SEPT

EPPING & ONGAR CND. Adrian Mitchell & Pat Arrowsmith. Jazz/Blues, Epping Forest Lodge, 8 p.m. £1.25. Students/unwaged 75p.
ILFORD, Co-op Hall, 203 Ilford Lane. Public meeting on Women's Peace Camp. 7.30 p.m.
KENDAL. John Silkin 'Future of the Labour Party' *7.30 p.m. Kirkland Hall.*

SAT 25 SEPT

BLACKPOOL. 'Labour's Crisis: The Tory Onslaught! Denis Canavan MP and Pat McIntyre. 7.30 p.m. Clifts Hotel. 30p at door.
BLACKPOOL. 'Unemployment – who pays the price?' Labour Conference Fringe Meeting. Judith Hart, Rodney Bickerstaffe, Barbara Switzer, Ruth Lister, Jo Richardson. 7.30 p.m. Opera House Foyer, Winter Gardens. CPAG.
LONDON W8. Conference. 'Tobacco and the 3rd World'. 10 a.m. Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St. **01-603 4535.**
LONDON W.1. Seminar 'Developing latent powers *of the mind'. 10.30-4.30. £2. 50 Gloucester Place.* Mind Development Assoc. **674 4612.**
MANCHESTER. 'Foreign Policy Implications of British Nuclear Disarmament', Dayschool at Withington Adult Education Centre, Mauldeth Rd., M14. 10am-4pm. Details: 59 Tintern Ave., Manchester M20 8ND.
UPPER HEYFORD OXON. March against extension of base. Assemble 10.30 a.m. Manorsfield Road, Bicester. 2 p.m. East End of Camp Road, Upper Heyford. **Banbury 59190.**
YORK. Beyond The Fragments Weekend Meeting. Details – Hetti Startup, 91 Addison Gardens, London, W14 ODR. **01-602 1815.**

SUN 26 SEPT

BLACKPOOL. Voices for Peace and Liberation. 3.30-7 p.m. Joan Lestor chair, Judith Hart and Tony Benn. Leading visitors from P.L.O., Latin America, Southern Africa. 8.30-12 social. Adm. £1, unwaged 50p. Renaissance Room, Winter Gardens.
BLACKPOOL. Meeting – Labour Solidarity Campaign. *Jim Callaghan, Roy Hattersley, Peter* Shore, Betty Boothroyd. Spanish Room, Winter Gardens. **01-722 9253.**

MON 27 SEPT

BLACKPOOL. 'Youth Training Schemes – Is Labour Being Conned?' Paul Scofield and Ernie Jacques. Grapes Pub, Corporation Street, near Winter Gardens. 20p door.
MONDAYS FROM 27 SEPT. LONDON WC1. Course – 'Black Women in Contemporary Literature'. Details – Information Officer, Dept. Extra-Mural Studies, 26 Russell Sq., London WC1.

TUES 28 SEPT

BLACKPOOL. Labour Conference Fringe meeting 'The Medical Effects of Nuclear Weapons'. Chair – Bob Cryer MP. Spkrs. – Prof. Eric Easson, Dr. Pat Troop, Dr. Neill Simpson. 8 p.m. Claremont Hotel, 270 North Promenade.
BLACKPOOL. Joan Lestor, Jo Richardson, Ken Livingstone, Peter Tatchell and Gay Youth Movement with Judith Williams campaign. Meeting organised by Labour Campaign for Gay Rights. 8 p.m. Cliff Hotel. **Tel: 0253 26401.**
LEICESTER. Public debate on 'Nuclear Weapons & Disarmament'. Peter Wright (CND) and Maurice Keen-Soper (SDP). 7.30 p.m. Friends Meeting Hse., Queens Rd.
LONDON W.8. Australian Film Week at Commonwealth Institute. £1.50. £1 AAPs and unwaged. **603 4535.**
LONDON SE1. County Hall. 'Key Issues in Women's Health', Socialist Health Association. **263 0133.**
LONDON: OXFAM FLAG DAY. *1000 collectors* urgently needed. Call **01-874 7335** or **01-328 4225.**
LONDON, ICA. 'Reporting the third world' part of series on news and its effects, 7.30 p.m. Also 1-2.15 p.m. Mel Calman with Posy Simmonds – In Conversation. £1.25 (ICA day pass 40p). **01-930 3647.**

WED 29 SEPT

BLACKPOOL. 'Nuclear Power: No American PWR for Britain'. ANC fringe meeting with Dr D. G. Arnott, Rt. Hon. David Ennels M.P. and Peter Medhurst, 5.30 p.m. Victoria Bar, Winter Gardens. **0742 754691.**
BLACKPOOL. 'No Right Turn'. Labour Transport Policy. 1.30-2 p.m. Winter Garden Opera House. *(See ad under meetings).*
LONDON. Lambeth Town Hall. Public Forum organised by 'Fight Racism! Fight Imperialism!' 'The Appointment of Sir Kenneth Newman'.
LONDON SW7. 'Images of Science and Progress'. A series of seminars on Science, Technology and the media. Bob Young –, 'Criticising TV Science from Within'. 7.30 p.m. Botany Common Room, Beit Hall, Imperial College. **589 5111 ext 1019.**
LONDON W.1. 'Early Travellers in Egypt' lecture by Mr H. James at Egyptian Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gardens.
LONDON. Wigmore Hall. Rasma Lielmane, Latvian violinist plays at 7.30 p.m. **935 2141.**

THURS 30 SEPT

BLACKPOOL. Lord Soper at Christian Socialist Movement meeting. Central Methodist Church, 7.30 p.m.
BLACKPOOL. 'Beyond the Cities – Labour and the Countryside' org. by SERA with: Jack Boddy (chair), Joan Maynard MP, Gerald Kaufman MP, *Peter Melchett. Carlton Hotel, 6 p.m.*
CROYDON. Until 2 Oct. Tara Arts Group present 'The Lion's Raj'. Adm. £2.50, reductions students/OAPs/claimants £1.50. 7.30 p.m. Warehouse Theatre, Dingwall Road. **01-680 4060.**
HOUNSLOW. 'Decay and Rebirth at the Civic *Centre'. A dance programme 7.30 p.m., Lampton* Suite. Adm. £1 (50p concessions). **570 7728 ext. 3974.**
STOKE-ON-TRENT. 'Coal – British Mining in Art 1680-1980! Opening by Norman Siddall chairman of NCB. 6.30 p.m. City Museum and Art Gallery, Stoke.

FRI 1 OCT

KENDAL. Jeff Rooker: 'The Future of the Labour *Party' 7.30 p.m. Tel: Kendal 24657.*

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LONDON, SE11. 'Oval Games' – An open air drive-in epic. Gladiators/Charioteers. Until 3 Oct., 7.45 p.m. Oval House, 52 Kennington Oval. **582 7680 FREE.**

SAT 2 OCT

GLASGOW. 'Mental Health – Proposals for a new future! Conference org. by SCCL, details Andy MacDonald **041-332 5960.**
LONDON, W.1. 'Women and the State'. One day conference for women in political studies. Details **0509 30457.**
LONDON, SE1. 'London as it might be', popular planning, County Hall, 10 a.m. until Oct. 3. £2/£1 u/w. Details Charlie Owen, 41 Brunswick Square, WC1.
SHEFFIELD. 'Defence Policies in the '80s' 9.30 a.m.-4 p.m. Dayschool – speakers include April Carter, Anthony Arblaster, John Field, Phil Asquith, Mary Kaldor. At Bow Centre. **0742-322690.**
SHEFFIELD. 'The Peace Movement after the Falklands' Public meeting. Speakers include E. P. Thompson, Kate Soper, Richard Carbon MEP, *Jean McCrindle. 7.30 p.m. City Hall.* **0742-615386.**

FORTHCOMING

UNTIL 8 OCTOBER, LONDON NW5. 'Summer Madness'. Exhibition of textile hangings by Trinidadian *artist Althea McNish. Peoples Gallery, 73 Prince* of Wales Rd., Kentish Town. Closed Suns. and Mons.
TUESDAYS till 30 NOVEMBER, LONDON EC3. Lunchtime talks 1.10 p.m. on progress of BILLINGSGATE EXCAVATION. 25p. Public Viewing Gallery, Lower Thames Street. Public viewing *daily.*
4 OCTOBER. LONDON W1. 'A Social Democratic Interpretation of History' – Peter Clarke. History Workshop seminar. 6.45 p.m., Upstairs at the 'Black Horse', 6 Rathbone Place.
30 OCTOBER. WEMBLEY. International Conference on Active Birth. Details: Active Birth Movement, 32 Cholmeley Crescent, London N6 5JR. Tel: **01-348 4636.**
5-6 NOVEMBER, LONDON WC1. Fifth Socialist Book Fair. Complete display of socialist, radical and trade union literature. (Details of stands, etc. Tel: Bookmarks 01-802 6145.) Camden Town Hall, Euston Road.
5-9 NOVEMBER, SHEFFIELD. History Workshop 16, *Subjects inc.* Sexual Politics, the State, Peace Movements, People's History. Speakers – Raphael Samual, Sheila Rowbotham, Royden Harrison, Anna Davin. Sheffield City Poly, Pond St. site. **0742 615386.**
6 NOVEMBER, LONDON SW1. 'Stop Sizewell B' Rally and conference. Speakers – David Ennals MP, Arthur Scargill, Ken Cameron, Colin Sweet, Dr Don Arnott, 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Central Hall, Westminster. **0742-754691.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

COMEDY 930 2578

STEAMING

from Theatre Royal Stratford
Nell Dunn's first stage play
"laughter, hard truth and compassion." Sun. Times
voted Comedy of the Year '81 (SWET)
Seats £2.50-£6.50

MERMAID 236 5568
cc 236 5324
Triumphant return of smash hit
TRAFFORD TANZI
'I advise Londoners to flock' – Gdn
From 23 Sept. eves. 8 p.m.
Fri/Sat. 6.45, 9.15

Join our **FREE** mailing list. Send sae to Dept NS
THEATRE DESPATCH 31 Shelton St. WC2H 9HT

Theatres

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891, *24-hr info* 01-628 2295. *Few day seats £3 from 10 am.*
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY – 'POPPY' – RSC's new musical, book and lyrics by Peter Nichols, music by Monty Norman (perf. 24 cancelled) 25, 27-30 Sept. (mat. 29). THE PIT – 'THE WITCH OF EDMONTON' by Dekker, Ford & Rowley. 24-30 Sept.

CAMBRIDGE. 01-836 6056/1488/7040. Red. Price Prevs from 29 Sept. Opens 13 Oct. Evgs. 7.45. Mat. Thur. 2.30. Sat. 5.00 & 8.00. A New Production of **THE MIKADO.** 'An imaginative creation . . . Sumptuously Dressed . . . Comic Extravaganza' Gdn. Group Bkgs 01-836 2379. cc accepted.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Schweyk in the Second World War', Guys and Dolls', Danton's Death', Lyttleton (proscenium stage) 'Uncle Vanya' (cancelled 27 Sept.) 'Way Upstream' rejoins rep 29 Sept. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Don Juan', 'The Beggar's Opera', 'The Spanish Tragedy'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1 CC 01-278 8916 (5 lines), 24 hr instant booking 01-200 0200. Grp sales 01-379 6061. Until 25 Sept. Eves 7.30 PINA BAUSCH. 3 Oct. 7.30 A VIENNESE EVENING, 5 to 9 Oct. Sankai Juku.
AMPLE FREE PARKING aft. 6.30pm.

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards S-Student standby.

Meetings

ICA EVENTS. The Mall, London SW1: 01-930 3647. GOOD NEWS BAD NEWS series on Tues 28 Sept, 7.30 REPORTING THE THIRD WORLD Speakers: Gerard Mansell, Altaf Gauhar, Alan Segal, Ann Zemit. Chair Rita Cruise O'Brien plus IN CONVERSATION on Tues, 28 Sept, 1.00 MEL CALMAN with POSY SIMMONDS: Help! and Other Ruminations – the problems for newspaper cartoonists today. And on Wed 29 Sept 7.30 the first in a monthly series of discussions – INSIDE TELEVISION – SOAP COMES CLEAN. All tickets £1.25 bookable (ICA Day Pass 40p).

Labour Party Conference

NO RIGHT TURN

A fringe meeting on Labour Transport Policy
Wed., 29 Sept., 12.30-2pm
Winter Gardens Opera House Foyer
Speakers: ***Albert Booth, Andy Dodds, Ken Livingstone, Bill Morris*** and ***Lambeth Transport Campaign.***

char

Campaign for Single Homeless People
LOCAL POLICIES FOR SINGLE PEOPLE – **The Char Blueprint**
Sat. 16 Oct. 11 a.m.-5 p.m.
UMIST, Manchester

Chris Holmes: CHAR Director
Cllr. John Kernaghan: Chair, Glasgow's Housing Committee
Hamish Allen: Glasgow Council for Single Homeless

Details from: **CHAR, 27 John Adam St., London WC2. 01-839 6185.**

Now read the book...

The paperback edition of Duncan Campbell's new book, **WAR PLAN UK,** will be available soon through the **New Statesman** at £6.95 post free.

Reserve your copy now by sending a cheque/postal order for £6.95, payable to "New Statesman", to:

War Plan Book Offer
NEW STATESMAN
10 GREAT TURNSTILE
LONDON
WC1V 7HJ

Copies will be despatched during October

HARD ROCK OPEN DAY 11 am to 5 pm Saturday & Sunday 25-26 Sept St Leonard's Church Hall, Streatham, SW16. Four major Civil Defence Exhibitions, including SPARK, Streatham after the Bomb & the tasks facing the medical services. Video films & local radio workshop production. Free. Streatham CND.

ISRAELI OPTIONS in the current situation, a talk *and discussion with Dr Yativ, Hebrew University* and Political Secretary of MAPAM. Thursday, 30 Sept., 8 p.m., 37 Broadhurst Gardens, London NW6 (01-328 2554).

SHAW SOCIETY. Gabrielle Daye on 'Shaw's Letters' Friday 1 October, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30pm. Meeting 7 pm.

THEOSOPHY: s.a.e. for pamphlets, booklist, Informal Question/Answer meeting, Sunday, 26 September, 8 p.m. 'Conversations on Occultism'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Courses

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
DEPARTMENT OF EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES
EVENING COURSES
on: Introduction to Marxism;
Marxists since Marx;
Third World Studies;
Britain's Economy Today;
Political Change in Britain;
Critical Perspectives on Law and Order;
Women and Socialism;
Language and Politics.

Details from: **Extra-Mural Department, 26 Russell Square, London, WC1. 01-636 8000 extn. 3553.**

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

offers a variety of courses in a splendid Florentine environment. Courses in the Italian language (all levels) and the Italian Renaissance throughout the year. Drawing courses in September, October, March and April. G.C.E. A-level Italian from January-June. Accommodation arranged. 1983 brochure now available. Please contact:

David Rundle, The Director
The British Institute
Lungarno Guicciardini 9
Florence
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

Removals

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS
COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
01-603 2865
27 Royal Crescent Mews
London W11

Publications

ANARCHIST BOOKS. S.a.e. to A Distribution (NS), 84b Whitechapel High St, London E1.

FOR A SCIENTIFIC way to transcendence, without God or faith, read Western Buddhist magazine. For details write to: Western Buddhist (Dept 5), 30 Hollingbourne Gardens, Ealing London W13 8EN.

MIDDLE EAST catalogue issued. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

NS FROM 1961. Near-complete set. All offers considered. 01-452 9158.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

Accommodation Vacant

TWO ROOMS, SW12, top Victorian house plus super balcony, share kit./bathrm. with one other. Suit single person or couple. £30 single. £40 couple. Box 4830.

Wanted

PROF. ARTIST/Craftswoman, 60, would like to share flat or house with congenial contemporaries, either sex: offers some help/companionship. London. Box 4786.

Personal

A FLASK OF WINE A BOOK OF VERSE and no one to share 'em? Well, don't just sit there. Contact 'Status' the premier and reputable intro service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 7 Oxford Circus Avenue, 231 Oxford St. London W1R 2HA Tel: 01-439 1619.

ACCOMMODATION/EMPLOYMENT in household sought by woman and child, in Ringwood, Dorset. Box 4779.

ADVENTUROUS, WELL-TRAVELLED female (fifties), interested arts, countryside, warmth, seeks genuine, caring male partner. Box 4751.

AFFECTIONATE FEMALE graduate, 40, romantic, humorous, cultural interests, seeks tall, non-smoking male, for loving, lasting relationship. London. Box 4822.

AMERICAN WOMAN (London), 46, seeks man with capacity to wonder, ability to think and feel deeply, whose values or prejudices include books, islands, Beckett, champagne, consciousness, socialism. Box 4823.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE, LONDON widowed-mother, 35, student, *seeks professional man, theatre, swimming,* marriage. Box 4818.

ATTRACTIVE, PERSONABLE LADY, exec., early 40s, divorced, Oxford-London based. Lively-minded, warm, sensitive, home-loving. Seeks genuine, enlightened, solvent, professional gentleman, 45-50s, for meaningful, long-term relationship. Box 4787.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, 36, divorced, son 6, wishes to meet sensitive man, for happy times. North-East. Box 4778.

AUDIENCES WANTED: (London). Octogenarian going strong after severe Arthritis – poetry/song/-reminiscence. Box 4731.

BATH/BRISTOL: sensitive, intelligent, slim, attractive woman, 40, slightly physically handicapped but nothing obvious, many interests, seeks kindly, tolerant, humorous man. Genuine replies only. Box 4781.

BLACK MAN, 35, tall, intelligent, affluent, clean, discreet, seeks sexy, fun-loving lady, 25-50, for uncomplicated relationship. Box 4718.

CLASSICAL DANCER, early 30s, attractive and articulate, seeks amusing, interesting & attractive male. Sm. photo reqd and supplied. Box 4808.

COMPUTERS. Interested but wary? We offer personal advice and supply for small businesses, authors and journalists. Specialists in low-cost text handling systems (inc. typesetting). Competitive prices. London area only. 01-254 4614.

DARK-HAIRED LADY, English lecturer, early thirties, London: loves literature, theatre, history, art, the countryside, who never thought she'd write an advert like this, seeks lasting relationship with male who never thought he'd answer one. Box 4827.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DERBYSHIRE: SCRUFFY, romantic, female social worker, 43, needs consuming, caring, sharing, relationship. Box 4780.

DOMESTICATED, UPMARKET, 5' 3" pleasant div., secretary, 52, house N. London, car, grown up family, seeks tall, prof. unattached male, for caring relationship. Box 4816.

DRISCOLL HOUSE. 200 single rooms, p.b. £40 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

EXTRA FINE SAVINGS on Durex! Plus the assurance of Family Planning Association. £1 and £2 Variety Samplers; 60 Gossamer £6.50; 60 Forget-me-Not (FPS own brand) £5; 60 new Fetherlite Extra Fine £7. Other offers and free "Expert's guide" with first order. Depts. NSN31, F.P. Sales Ltd., 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford OX4 3SZ.

FAT, FLATULENT female? Possibly. Is there a woman, 25-45, socialist (ONO), who likes fish n' chips, mushy peas, honest, unpretentious pubs, steam, canals, Northern muck, sex and thinking; loathes Thatcherism/expense-account lifestyles? Bearded, bouncy, 5' 9½" bloke (38, divorced, educated, all usual human failings) needs convincing he's not an endangered species! Resident in militant Merseyside, but will travel. Box 4757.

IF YOU are 54-64, petite, gentle, and do not much like living alone, please contact me just in case I might be the right man for you. I am dependable, I think considerate, university graduate, completely free, happily self-employed but could retire and go anywhere. Box 4758.

INDEPENDENT FEMALE, tall, slim, attractive, successful, very fit – with varied interests . . . rambling to opera, in her mid-fifties, living alone in Surrey. Would like to meet tall, kind, cheerful, professional man, for loving, caring and possibly permanent relationship. Box 4810.

LADIES LOOK beyond the facade of physical handicap to the real man of 34, kind, intelligent and caring, with his own house, car and many interests. Box 4654.

LOOKING FOR INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP, exchange, language practice, hospitality, mail order business, etc? Achieve your goal quickly at low cost. 2 I.R.C's for detail. Asiatic Correspondence Club. PO Box 1228 Lahore, Pakistan.

MALE HEDONIST, 36, single, compassionate, tolerant, liberal. Seeks compatible female. Box 4817.

MALE, 40, single, socialist, interested politics, environment, arts, travel, hill walking, seeks similar female Edinburgh/Glasgow/central Scotland. Box 4776.

MALE (30), ENJOYS HOUSEWORK, seeks marriage (role-reversed?), no feminist-minded female. Box 4681.

MALE, 23, tired of disco syndrome relationships, seeks humorous, intelligent female, Bristol. Box 4803.

MAN, 33, seeks sexy, fun-loving, older woman. Box 4711.

OVERSEAS LADY students enjoy a love affair (and learn English) with attractive, loving London man with Third World interests. Box 4807.

OXFORD GRADUATE, 41, enjoys travel, many interests, stranded in Northern Ireland, seeks warm, intelligent girl-friend, status unimportant. Total discretion assured and expected. Your phone number if possible please. Box 4790.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

PROFESSIONAL MAN (49), married, interests music, art, swimming, countryside, desires discreet liaison with woman (25-50), of compatible position and interests. Newcastle upon Tyne. Box 4825.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, Middle-aged, interests politics, music, sport, seeks stimulating male friends. Box 4777.

PUBLISHER SEEKS manuscripts in the general arts, education and new fiction. Friday Publications, 401 Clerkenwell Workshops, 31 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1.

RADICAL WOMAN, 55, quiet, book-loving, seeks similar man for occasional outings. Box 4788.

RESEARCH, COPY editing, indexing, ghosting; literary and general topics. Keith Burdon, Flat 5, 28 Blakesley Avenue London W5 2DW. 01-997 0748.

SINGLE, SLIM, 5ft 8in, Asian graduate, late twenties, seeks female for friendship and marriage. All letters answered. Box 4800.

STILL CRAZY – After all these years? Over 40 but not over hill male, large (not fat), not sexist, racist or militant. Is humorous, single, sympathetic, engineer, smoker. Any Croydon area lady looking for a new pal? Box 4789.

TALL, LIVELY, attractive, single woman, 35, MA, wide circle of friends, but beginning to feel lack of special male companion, view long-term relationship/marriage, seeks warm, unattached academic/prof., 30-50ish, preferably literary/arts orientated, but kindness, sense of humour more important. London based. Box 4828.

TALL MALE graduate, 37, into Hardy, Camus and Jung, seeks female to share enjoyment of theatre, films, countryside, travel and the simple pleasures of life. London/Sussex. Box 4805.

TYNESIDE MALE, mid-thirties, seeks female for culture, conversation etcetera. Box 4797.

UNATTACHED GENTLEMAN (Lecturer), seeks warm-natured, 30-55 lady, desiring complementary Companionship occasionally. Box 4783.

WEST LONDON man, with classical and business interests (29), would like to meet bright, attractive (slim) lady, to enhance quality of life. Box 4809.

WRITE FOR Money – with Wordsmith, the new writer's newsletter. Details: Wordsmith, Dept W1, 151 Harefields, Oxford.

WRITER, mid 30s, marooned in Cotswolds, seeks intelligent, attractive woman, 18-35, for loving relationship. Box 4821.

WRITER/MUM, attractive 34, graduate, theatre devotee, seeks sensitive, caring, non-chauvinist male, 40s/50s, for lasting relationship. Box 4804.

SEX SUPERMARKET
THE ADULT CENTRE
(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances, Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies, etc.
Catalogues 10p + postage on request
519 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel: 461118
International sheath leaflet inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED